

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 22, 1942

WHO'S WHO

HAROLD C. GARDINER, Literary Editor, taught English literature prior to taking graduate studies in it at Cambridge University, England. He protests, in his article, the careless use of words that makes synonyms of "liberalism" and "democracy." There is a great deal of illiberalism among the Liberals and words ought not to be used so as to confuse the issue. . . . ALICE FRASER leads the discussion of three aspects of the Inflation Problem which holds this week the center of the stage. She has seen at first hand the workings of price control in foreign countries. Her editorial work, which includes writing for a number of organizations of Government officials, has brought her into contact with its workings in the democracies. . . . BENJAMIN L. MASSE, Associate Editor, summarizes, in his article, the methods whereby wages may be brought under control as a safeguard against inflation, without resorting to a course that would defeat its own end. . . . WILFRID PARSONS, in his Washington column, praises the working mechanism of the War Labor Board as an aid to the anti-inflation program. . . . JOHN WILTBYE, veteran contributor, ponders amusingly and deeply, too, the handicaps in the raising of modern children. . . . JOHN LAFARGE adds a footnote to a controversy that has blown up concerning a recent sculptural competition. . . . SISTER M. PHILIP, C.S.C., contributes an interview with the Laetare Medal winner, the distinguished Catholic novelist, Helen C. White. . . . JOHN A. TOOMEY lays aside the very transparent disguise that cloaked his much-loved and much-quoted column, transfers his own title to his creation.

THIS WEEK

COMMENT 534

ARTICLES

- The Label of Liberalism Is No
Synonym for Democracy...Harold C. Gardiner 538
- Free Nations Set Shoulders to the
Price Control Wheel.....Alice Fraser 540
- Freedom Must Run a Risk When Wages
Are Frozen.....Benjamin L. Masse 542
- Perplexing Pabulum for Modern
BabesJohn Wiltbye 544

EDITORIALS 546

- Why Catholics Love Liberty . . . Secularism and
Tyranny . . . No National Church . . . Comman-
der-in-Chief . . . Strong Liquors . . . Giving
Thanks.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

- Sculptors, Interviews.....John LaFarge 549
- "Lady of My Delight".....Sister M. Philip 550

BOOKS REVIEWED BY 551

- Democratic Ideals and
RealityBenjamin L. Masse
- Action in the East.....Harold C. Gardiner
- Elizabeth: Creature of
Circumstance.....John J. O'Connor

THEATRE Elizabeth Jordan 555

FILMS Mary Sheridan 556

CORRESPONDENCE 557

PARADEJohn A. Toomey 560

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COMMENT

TERSE communiques and news dispatches tell us that American troops have invaded the Solomon Islands and that an enemy, whose toughness has been proved many times, is opposing them vigorously. Said Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet: "It marks our first assumption of the initiative and of the offensive." Every American heart will leap at the news; but many a heart will hang heavy when the grim word of casualties comes home. As Cincus King warned, this operation is extremely dangerous. A shrewd and determined foe is in position; he has had opportunity to prepare for this attack; he fights with fatalistic fury; he cannot be dislodged without sacrifices in men and material. Now that American offensive operations have begun, we must be ready for bad news even while we hope and pray for the best. Meanwhile, Pius XII, at the request of Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York and Military Vicar of the Army and Navy, has published a Brief designating the Blessed Virgin, under the title of her Immaculate Conception, as patroness of the Military Ordinariate of the United States. The connection and the implication are obvious.

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GREATLY would our appraisal of the situation in India be clarified, if we could rightly estimate the extent and the practical significance of the reported disorders. According to one report they are "merely sporadic and are under control"; from other accounts they are the first moves in a general outburst that places India, and with it the whole civilized world, in the greatest peril. United States troops in India have been told to hold themselves strictly aloof. United States representations, however, diplomatic or otherwise, are inevitable in view of the grave concern to our own safety. One thing appears certain amid all the confusion: there must be a positive gesture now on the part of the Imperial Government that will mean more than a mere verbal commitment for India's future freedom. According to Taraknath Das, noted Indian publicist now lecturing in the United States: "Indians want to have the policy-making power in the field of national defense, so that they will be able to train tens of thousands of Indian officers, to raise an army of ten millions, if that need be." Is this demand unreasonable? Is it unrealizable? If it can be realistically achieved, a genuine alliance between India, Britain and the United States can be attained upon a basis of equality. If it is wholly impractical, then nothing is left but for the present Government to push on with its present policy. But is it necessary to follow such a counsel of despair? Where American intervention might prove unacceptable, China's good offices remain.

WITH guns echoing faintly from the far Solomons, the OWI reproaches America at large for not yet buckling down completely to the war effort. "As a nation," says Mr. Davis' bureau, "we are not yet more than ankle deep in the war." The national realization of our peril is, however, growing daily. No longer do we think that a mere declaration of war by the United States will cause an enemy to collapse. More and more we see that everyone must wade right into this thing. Any American citizen who, while his fellows are crumpling before enemy gunfire, sloughs off his individual responsibility is, in his own quiet way, a traitor. Any laborer who does not do his honest best is, in his degree, a saboteur. We are in a real war; victory is not ours for the asking but for the earning. The price is the same as Mr. Churchill proposed to his nation in a phrase which repetition has robbed of freshness but not of truth—blood, sweat, tears.

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ONE indication of the culture-quotient of our armed forces is the library of phonograph records now available in some USO clubs. The list of selections was painstakingly drawn up over an eight-week period, and is a compilation of the pieces which a cross section of the soldiers actually preferred. Major Bronson, Music Consultant of the Special Services Branch of the War Department, and Dr. Spivak of the Music Division of the Library of Congress helped in the compilation. American popular songs rank high; but the soldiers have chosen many of the great classics also. The internationalism of music appears in their sincere and enthusiastic regard for all Strauss' Waltzes, and *Evening Star* from *Tannhäuser*. Chopin is represented, Schubert is prominent, Tchaikowsky is a real favorite. All and all, the list of sixty records is proof again that we have a highly intelligent, well educated army. It is good to know that the roar of war has not drowned out great symphonies; that the savage thrust of the bayonet has not made men forget the thrilling downbeat of the baton.

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THAT the Grand Jury investigation of the Chicago *Tribune* is, in the words of Senator Barkley, "purely a matter of whether or not the law has been violated" must be the earnest prayer of every American who treasures the right of free speech. According to J. Albert Woll, Federal District Attorney in Chicago, the Justice Department is investigating the publication by the *Tribune* of a news story alleged to have contained confidential military information, but Senator Brooks, speaking in the Senate, called the investigation "a purge and smear campaign" by Administration forces. Un-

fortunately, the circumstances surrounding this case are such that the interpretation placed on the Government's action by the Senator from Illinois will be accepted by considerable segments of the general public. While this Review disagrees with many *Tribune* policies, and even more with its manner of presenting and defending them, it nevertheless vindicates the Chicago paper's right to freedom of speech. If, in the exercise of this right, the *Tribune* has violated the law of the land, it should be punished, but about the violation of law there ought not to be the faintest suspicion of doubt. Otherwise a dangerous blow will have been struck at a fundamental American liberty.

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LANGUAGE has always been one of the great barriers to international understanding and peace. Are we going to witness, as an aftermath of this war, the slow breaking down of this Chinese wall? The mass deportations that Hitler is forcing on the occupied countries may well tend to bring this about. Millions from the Netherlands, Belgium, France, Poland, Yugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Norway, Denmark and Greece are being sent to Nazi-controlled fields and factories in all parts of the Continent. This is a ruthless thing and we execrate it; but it may be a short-sighted move, too. These uprooted unfortunates are souls who love their liberty, and they may act as silent but eloquent missionaries to the German people who used to know, and perhaps have not yet forgotten, what liberty is. Men of all these countries, thrown together in concentration camps and labor squads, may break down the barrier of language and their own national prejudices, and start back slowly toward a new day when there will again be something like another Christendom.

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ANY tax bill that is finally adopted by Congress is bound to involve hardship and sacrifice for just about everybody. There is no way of fighting a modern war cheaply, and unless we pay as much of the bill as possible as we go along, we shall soon find ourselves so bogged down in debt that the fiscal structure of the country will be endangered. In general, people realize this and they are willing to pay to the limit provided only that the tax burden is equitably distributed. But there is a limit to sacrifice, a point beyond which the taxpayer cannot be pushed without destroying his effectiveness in the war effort. In the recent proposal of Senator Brown, of Michigan, to permit taxpayers to make deductions for extraordinary expenses necessarily incurred, this limitation seems to be recognized. Anyone who has had to pay the doctor bills and hospital charges incidental to a serious and unexpected illness will understand what such expense can do to the budget of any family not in the upper-income brackets. If this proposal is adopted, the relatively small amount of revenue lost to the Treasury will be amply compensated for by the lift it will give to public morale. A citizen burdened with a debt he cannot avoid contracting is not

much of an asset to a country engaged in a total war which demands psychological as well as physical fitness in workers and soldiers alike. Senator Brown's amendment ought to be adopted.

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FRONTIER democracy in action just about sums up the turbulent convention of the United Automobile Workers in Chicago. On a number of occasions the delegates became so boisterous that President R. J. Thomas, who presided at the sessions, could only stand helplessly by. With hearty gusto they voted down almost every officer-sponsored resolution, not because they were not reasonably satisfied with their leaders, but, as one old union man put it, because an attitude of "spare the rod and spoil the officer" was inadvisable. They granted a wage increase to the officers, all of whom were re-elected, but not as great an increase as had been suggested, and howled down a resolution that would have added a modest fifty cents to their already modest dues of one dollar a month. While observers agreed that the convention might have been, in the interest of efficiency, a little less boisterous, the delegates gave, nevertheless, a display of rank-and-file democracy in heartening contrast to the dictatorial type of union rule so highly publicized by Westbrook Pegler as a detriment to all organized labor. The harassed officers can find some consolation in the thought that they suffered in a good cause.

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SHORTLY after the Office of War Information, in a sober review of the war effort up to date, charged that "as a nation we are not yet more than ankle deep in the war," Congressman John H. Tolan, of California, head of the House Defense Migration Committee, asserted that war production was "lagging badly" and falling behind the goals set by the President. Chief blame for this unsatisfactory situation was attributed by the Committee report to Donald Nelson, head of the War Production Board. According to the report, Mr. Nelson, by not keeping procurement of materials and production under centralized control, has violated the Executive Order of January 16, which established the WPB to unify the confused and floundering efforts of the Knudsen-Hillman Office of Production Management. By permitting the Maritime Commission and Army and Navy procurement agencies to function more or less autonomously, the WPB has failed to achieve this over-all unity. The report further indicted the WPB for its alleged failure to utilize the productive facilities of small business, for not speeding conversion to war production, and for failure to exercise close supervision over contracts. In short, to quote the words of the Committee, "there does not yet exist a general determination on the part of responsible officials to overcome all obstacles to maximum output." These are very serious charges, and do not, perhaps, take sufficiently into consideration the difficulties of Mr. Nelson's position. Nevertheless, they deserve the earnest attention of the WPB.

REMARKABLE documents and pamphlets are in possession of the N.C.W.C. News Service, which secretly circulated in France. They tell of a grim underground battle to de-Christianize France. Both in occupied and unoccupied France, the press is ruthlessly gagged or controlled. The penalty for an "anti-collaborationist" policy is suppression, a fate which *Temps Nouveaux* and *Esprit* have already met. *La Croix*, the former Paris Catholic daily, now published at Limoges, is under strict orders not to oppose collaboration with the Nazi government, reports *Cahiers du Témoignage Chrétien*. By last November, this work of spiritual sabotage was well advanced. Publishers had to adhere to the "Otto list" of forbidden books, and societies were abolished. Thus, says the document:

the Scouts, J.O.C., J.E.C., J.A.C. and all the rest were made to disappear. Any attempt at resumption of activities was met with searches, fines and arrests.

Suppression or mutilation of Papal communications and the jamming of the Vatican radio are other measures the invader has taken.

RECEIVING the members of Mrs. Roosevelt's press conference at Washington, August 6, Queen Wilhelmina indicated the legitimate scope of woman's activity:

Many subjects, owing to their special character, must be considered to fall well within the scope of the work of women. . . . I bear in mind such matters as welfare, especially child welfare, education, nutrition, charity and many others, all converging into what is the foundation of human life; the maintenance and the fostering of the family.

The Queen pointed to her country's past and declared that as Holland has never before submitted to an invader, so now the will of her people to resist was indomitable.

AMERICAN Catholicism lost one of its outstanding lay representatives when, at the age of seventy-seven, Garret William McEnerney, died at San Francisco, August 3. A brilliant lawyer, Mr. McEnerney represented the Archbishop of San Francisco for forty-five years. Educated at Saint Mary's College, he received a degree from Catholic University in 1915. The Most Rev. John J. Mitty, Archbishop of San Francisco, presided at the Requiem Mass on Wednesday, August 5.

ONE hundred and eighteen years ago, under the influence of "liberalism," Costa Rica passed laws aimed at Religious Orders, congregations and the clergy in general. At the end of the last century, in 1884 and again in 1894, other legislation confirmed the anti-clerical ukase of 1824. But on July 31, 1942, these laws were struck off the statute books. It was the end of a long fight for religious freedom, though the new laws will not become operative until "two months after Costa Rica declares the termination of the present state of war." Answering some critics of the measure, Luis Demetrio Tinoco Castro, Costa Rican Secretary of Public Education, pointed out the glorious history of Catholic education in Colombia, a recent decree in

Bolivia making religious instruction obligatory; and he assures his critics:

I am interesting myself in education legislation in all the democratic countries. . . . I do not find any obstacle in the principles of my religion; because the ideals of Christianity and the desires of democracy are bound together in one sheaf in humanity's present hour of trial. For God and Country is the motto which the Catholic Bishops of North America have hurled against the anti-Christian totalitarianism of Hitler and his followers.

This is an extremely important milestone in the history and evolution of democracy; a factor which the molders of Pan-American good will may not overlook.

HIS Eminence Dennis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, in a letter to Rev. John W. Keogh, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, calls for a crusade against drink:

The evil of drink is spreading; the warfare against it should be waged relentlessly. Hence, it is hoped that all priests will take up arms against it, both by word and example; that life pledges against drink will be given to youth, particularly in our schools, academies, colleges and seminaries; and that parents will be made to understand that they will be responsible for their neglect; and especially for any bad example of theirs, in this horrible pest of drink.

Beside the moral consideration, His Eminence added a strong argument drawn from the natural effects of drink on the human system, as revealed by insurance statistics.

SEVEN young ladies, five of them recent graduates of the College of Saint Teresa, Winona, Minnesota, have been called to service as instructors by the Signal Corps. Proficient in mathematics and physics, they will teach young men electricity, magnetism and theory. This is the first time that the Signal Corps has inducted women.

DURING the summer months, when Minnesota's beet fields are ready for the harvest, hundreds of transients come into the State to help with the work. The social problems which would arise out of the influx of these migrant families are obvious. To solve these problems Catholics and Protestants of Minnesota last year banded together, established schools and nurseries for the children, recreational centers for their elders. Most of the migrants are Mexicans who speak only Spanish. So at the schools, they are taught English, the salute to the American Flag, the *Star-Spangled Banner*. One hour a day is given to religious instruction for Catholic and Protestant children both. It is a splendid example of social cooperation and is paying dividends in increased international understanding.

DELAYED reports from Vatican City reveal that Most Rev. Edward Count O'Rourke, Titular Bishop of Sophene and former Bishop of Danzig, pontificated at the Solemn Mass at the Irish College of Rome to commemorate the episcopal silver jubilee of His Holiness Pius XII. Born at Basin, in the Russian Diocese of Minsk, Bishop O'Rourke has noble Irish ancestry.

THE NATION AT WAR

SAVE RUSSIA. To understand the present crisis in the Russian war it is necessary to look back to May last. In that month, the Russian Marshal Timoshenko in a campaign south of Kharkov was disastrously defeated. His own report states he lost 75,000 men, not counting the wounded, the number of which he did not mention. The Germans report he lost 240,000 prisoners alone, over 1,200 tanks and as many guns. These Kharkov Russians never recovered from this blow. They were unable to replace the men, tanks and guns they had lost. Some 120 miles north from Kharkov, opposite Kursk, was another strong and well equipped Russian army.

At the end of June, Axis armies under Marshal Fedor von Bock attacked both the Kursk and Kharkov Russians. The Kursk Russians were driven back, but maintained their lines and rallied on the Don River between Voronezh and Stalingrad. The Kharkov Russians, under General Lvov, weak and lacking essential weapons, were forced back across the Don, south of the Manych River. In between the Kursk and Kharkov Russians, the Axis pushed forward and reached the Don between the Manych River and Kotelnikov, with the Kharkov Russians on their right, and the Kursk Russians on their left, and next to nothing in front of them to hinder their advance.

Delayed by the stubborn resistance offered by the Russian air forces, which bombed bridges and ferries, the Axis had to cross the Don in small parties and it was the end of July, before men enough were gotten over to warrant a further advance.

On July 31, a German Army under General von Kleist, mostly motorized, started south across the Manych River after Lvov's Russians. By August 9, it had advanced 125 miles, in many places meeting little opposition. Now it has reached the oil country of Maikop. Another German army, under General von Schwedler, turned north on Stalingrad. The Russians on this front are well equipped, in considerable strength, and are fighting hard. Von Schwedler has been making only slow progress.

Maikop normally produced about 30,000 barrels of oil daily. If the pumps and wells have been destroyed, best estimates are that it would take not over six months to place the oil region back into production. A pipe line leads 260 miles in an air line toward Germany, and can easily be put to use.

Germany may now have secured the resources of minerals, food and oil, within captured Russian territory, needed for continuing the war indefinitely. It is a serious situation. *Save Russia and Win the War* is the latest slogan. How, remains to be determined. Ways to do it are being earnestly sought for at Washington, London and Moscow. Upon these being found, and found very soon, may not inconceivably depend the whole outcome of this global all-out war.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

WHILE we are waiting for Mr. Baruch to find out what to do about rubber and for Mr. Nelson to discover where all the steel went, we might profitably, at the risk of being tedious, again contemplate inflation. Leon Henderson instructs us that the "inflationary gap" this year will be \$17,000,000,000; that is, the community will have that much money and will not be able to buy anything with it. It will not be saved, and it will not be taxed away. It will try to spend itself, and in doing so, will drive prices up because prices always go up when there is a greater demand than there is a supply.

Of course, if prices do go up—and aren't they!—so much less of the 17 billion will be able to buy anything, and in this sense Mr. Henderson should be glad to see his gap melt away in that fashion. In that sense, inflation defeats itself, or is defeated anyway. The only difficulty with that idea is that the gap will never close; in fact, it will widen, for the thing is a spiral, never a closed circle. There is always an open end to it.

Some weeks ago, I remarked that the wage question in Little Steel would be settled from the point of view of inflation, not of social justice. Now it looks as if it had been settled from both points of view. Dean Wayne Morse, public member of the War Labor Board, denies the contention of the press that the award to Little Steel's workers will result in huge increases in the nation's wage bill. The Board denied a ten-per-cent increase to Remington Rand's workers on the very same principle that it granted one to Little Steel's. In other words, the wage-stabilization formula works both ways: to grant increases where justice demands them, and to deny them where the increase would be merely inflationary. Little Steel got the increase because its workers were sub-standard, and Remington Rand's did not because they had not suffered a loss of their standard. Moreover, the increases granted merely bring up purchasing power to an equality with others, and at the same time keep other wages from jumping through the ceiling and thus bringing inflation.

If this is true, and it certainly seems to be, then it is a great triumph for the principle of the administrative agency as against legislation by the Congress. Congress refused to put a ceiling on wages, and the refusal was attributed to all sorts of sinister motives. Maybe it was. But it now looks to be lucky that Congress did nothing.

The War Labor Board, like other administrative agencies, is a court, and it is a legislative body as well, besides being an executive. Its wage-stabilization formula was a piece of legislation, inasmuch as it set a rule of decision. Its decisions came after regular judicial hearings. What is more remarkable in these war times, here is one board which is now working in harmony with another board, the OPA of Mr. Henderson. By its formula, it can now thoroughly control wages on the same level that prices are controlled. Now for farm (i.e. food) prices.

WILFRID PARSONS

THE LABEL OF LIBERALISM IS NO SYNONYM FOR DEMOCRACY

HAROLD C. GARDINER

THE middle of the road, as the often, and deservedly, quoted Chesterton brought out in his *Orthodoxy*, is by no means a dull and boring place in which to travel. Do you recall his vivid picture of the Church as charioteer, standing strong and exulting in the careening car behind the plunging steeds, while the isms and the fads scatter panicky and helter-skelter away from both sides of the noble King's Highway, the great middle road of truth?

I have often thought that a complete and gripping history of the Church could be written from that approach—the Church as the Great Sanity in a world of ridiculous and contradictory extremes. The old Manichees, for example, taught that the human body was a vile and revolting thing; our modern nudists and others of their ilk think it is a divine and worshipful thing; the Church holds the middle road: the body is a divine thing in the sense that it is the temple of the Holy Spirit, but it can be and often is the instrument of low passions, and must be kept subject to reason and right law.

Again, this human reason itself finds its clearest and sanest advocate in the Church. Skeptics hold that the poor human mind is an essentially blundering thing, which can never win through to the clear vision of *any* truth; rationalists hold that there is *no* truth whatsoever that the human mind cannot grasp—if there is anything beyond its reach, it is not truth, but mirage. The Church keeps to the same middle road: the human mind can reach truth, clearly and undoubtedly; but there are some truths that lie gloriously beyond its ken: faith, based on reason, tells us about them.

And so on, through all the breadth and sweep of our multitudinous human activities, the Church keeps to its Divine task of upholding truth, wherever it is to be found. It accepts and consecrates the good in all movements; it rejects and castigates the evil. It is not dazzled by tags and slogans; it is not frightened by name-calling. Yet, when her sanity is mixed up, unthinkingly and derogatorily, with bad features of some of our modern isms and ideologies, those who love her must speak out.

Hence it is that such a statement as the following calls for a little dispassionate discussion:

And though no doubt is left about her [the Catholic Church's] lack of sympathy for the Nazi pattern, Rome's more or less non-benevolent attitude toward all liberal and democratic trends on the European continent during the past 150 years is an established fact. This is a long and intricate story.

This disquieting remark appears in a review by Robert Pick of Thomas F. Woodlock's *The Catholic Pattern*, published in *The Saturday Review of Literature* for July 18. The review itself is quite laudatory, but this dictum is so uncalled-for in the tenor of the review, and represents so all too well a common attitude of mind among our American "liberals," that it seems to demand a little extended treatment. This article will not be able to do much more than clear the ground for more profound discussions—if it succeeds in giving the reader another horrible example of how we ought to eschew tags and labels, it will have done a truly herculean task.

The critic quoted above is quite right in one phrase—the history of Liberalism is a long and intricate story, though perhaps not quite so utterly bewildering as it may seem, if you have read such a work as Carlton J. H. Hayes' recently published *A Generation of Materialism*. But in one thing, the history of Liberalism is quite clear and simple, and if we start from this, it will disillusion us of a favorite, bewildering red herring our modern Liberals love to drag across the trail. It is quite simply this. "*Liberal*" and "*democratic*" are by no means, of necessity and always synonymous terms.

First of all, their very etymological derivation shows them to be, far from synonymous, directly antinomous. "Liberalism" meant, originally, "worthy of a free man," and the word had its origin in a society based upon and depending essentially on, slave labor, a society that was definitely, in our sense of the word, not democratic, not concerned with extending individual freedom.

Again, as Liberalism worked out as a political system on the Continent from the end of the eighteenth century, it was by no means a democratic movement. Though the "first successful campaigns of modern Liberalism were waged against political despotism," the French Revolution, held unthinkingly to be the Magna Charta of all Liberal principles, can hardly be called, in all conscience, a thoroughly democratic movement—it was, rather, "a perversion of political liberalism"; it ended up precisely as its principles pointed, in producing mob tyranny.

The humane platform of political Liberalism, in general, which was based on a desire to free and dignify the individual, was sadly undermined and discredited by the actions of many Liberals and Liberal groups. There was little thought and less

care, for example, for universal suffrage; it was restricted in England (till 1867), in Italy (till 1882) and in Belgium (till 1893) to less than five per cent of the population. And on what grounds was this spread of democratic institutions opposed? Well, when woman suffrage was proposed in the English House of Commons in 1867, John Stuart Mill expressed his opinion as follows:

I do not think the bestowal of the suffrage on women will be of any advantage to *them*, and I fear at present, and perhaps always, it will strengthen the party [Conservative] which hitherto has opposed every good measure. I think it would add to the power of priestcraft in every part of the Three Kingdoms.

There was the fly in the ointment: Liberalism democratic? Yes, if everyone shared its likes and dislikes.

Again, though the profession of the Liberals was to recognize and protect the rights of the people, in practice they were lukewarm toward, if not actively opposed to labor legislation that would guarantee the rights of the workingman to organize. Further, the rights of national minorities got short shrift at the hands of the various Liberal parties. In Germany, concessions were opposed to provinces inhabited by Czechs, Poles, Slovenes; in Belgium, the Liberal government had little use for the Flemish section; in Ireland, Home Rule was opposed till very late in the Liberal regime and there are more instances that could be cited.

Furthermore, the exclusive and non-democratic character of this nineteenth-century Liberalism comes out in the fact that it was quite predominantly an urban movement; it attracted the so-called intelligentsia of the cities, whose lack of interest and knowledge was no small deterrent to the advancement of sane and progressive policies for the betterment of the agrarian classes.

These, of course, may all be excused as steps of political expediency, but they all sprang from the deep-dyed conviction that was common to all Liberals, namely, that though they would protest their interest in the rights of the individual, it must be an individual who was free from all dictation, especially and above all, "ecclesiastical dictation." This was a particular development of Liberalism, its sectarian side, but it was rampant enough on the Continent of the nineteenth century to give all men interested in the spread of true democracy grounds for distrust and suspicion.

In the field of popular education, for example, how could those devoted to real freedom not be suspicious of the regimented, secularized instruction the Liberals so passionately urged, in their prodigious horror of "ecclesiastical dictation"? Generations of European parents had been able to have their children educated as their consciences demanded; with the constantly growing Liberal trend toward eliminating God from the classrooms, there was a parallel delimitation of freedom in education. It was "free" enough for the Liberals, because they were having it their way. What about those who did not want it that way?

The final summation of this pernicious sectarian Liberalism, into which the broader political Liber-

alism so easily degenerated, may be stated this way: it is contrary to the natural, innate and inalienable right and liberty and dignity of man to subject himself to an authority, the root, rule, measure and sanction of which is not found in himself alone. This way, of course, madness and Hitlers lie. Any reason why the Church ought not be "non-benevolent" toward the excesses of such Liberalism?

If, in the face of all these vagaries, contradictions, the often good intentions and very frequent execrable achievements of Liberalism, we put the statements and actions of only one Pope in that so-called lamentable 150 years, it is easy to see where the true zeal and practical action for real democracy had its home.

The fundamental contention of Leo XIII's two Encyclicals, *Immortale Dei* (1885) and *Libertas* (1888), is "that democracy is as compatible with Catholic philosophy and tradition as any other modes of civil government, and that real personal liberty, as distinct from sectarian Liberalism, has its firmest base and surest prop in Catholic Christianity." He would Christianize democracy and liberty.

And in an age when the rights of labor and legislation in its behalf, as we have seen, had little practical support from the Liberals, it was the "non-benevolent" Church which raised its voice for the laboring man and his right to organize, in the startling and clarion phrases of *Rerum Novarum*, which is so radical, in the proper sense of the word, that we have not yet caught our Catholic breath sufficiently to put it really and effectively into practise.

We may remember, too, that one practical demonstration of the true Liberalism of the Papacy was the opening of the Vatican archives to the scholars of the world. Certainly, here was a concrete demonstration of "freedom of thought" that put to shame all the protestations of more vocal, but much less practical, Liberals.

The story, as the critic of an earlier paragraph puts it, is a long one, but it can and has to be said that all the movements of the past 150 years that looked toward real democracy had the active support of the Papacy. Liberalism, in all its specious and exaggerated forms, has found, in that same Papacy, a staunch and tireless opponent; but in opposing such Liberalism, the Church has but proved its superhuman and supernatural devotion to the cause of true liberty and of the little man, the subject of democracy.

Beware, then, of tags! When you hear of Liberalism and democracy being mentioned in the same breath, ask yourself *what* kind of Liberalism is being talked about. They are not synonymous terms—they do not necessarily mean the same thing, and to use them as if they did, does no good at all in this business of trying to clarify some of the great problems that beset and bedevil the modern world. It will take clear thinking to solve these problems, and clear thinking fights shy of glib slogans and shibboleths. One of the glibest is equating Liberalism and democracy.

FREE NATIONS SET SHOULDERS TO THE PRICE-CONTROL WHEEL

ALICE FRASER

AT the time of the First World War, little was known about price control and less was done. Now, as a result of the harsh experiences of that holocaust and the research they stimulated, more is known and much is being done.

Germany has perhaps the most effective system of any of the twenty or more countries that have tried price control. Backed by the Gestapo and the concentration camp, it has succeeded there as it is perhaps not possible for it to succeed in democratic countries. In democracies, furthermore, so untried are the techniques and so short the period of their use, that any program set up is largely experimental. For these reasons, the assays now going on in three great English-speaking democratic laboratories are fraught with consequence for our times.

Almost immediately after the declaration of war on Hitler, the English Government, as part of its anti-inflation program, set in motion a price-control plan that had been formulated in peacetime. It consisted mainly of control of the prices of raw commodities as they entered the country—the theory being that since England is almost completely dependent on outside sources for food and industrial raw materials, prices could be most quickly controlled where those materials enter the country.

Whatever the merits of the theory, the plan did not work. With only key raw commodities subject to control and with those only loosely tied to pre-war levels, prices advanced more during the first four months of World War II than during the first fifteen months of World War I.

Now, after nearly three years of hostilities, the first puny English effort has of necessity grown into a giant. According to London officials, prices of about ninety per cent of the daily needs of the population are now controlled—all the way from the raw-material stage to the ultimate consumer.

The response of the upward-swinging price graph has been a gradual slowing. In the spring of 1941 prices moved skyward much less rapidly than in the months preceding. In the autumn of 1941—with more rigid controls—the tempo got slower.

Thus, impelled by a thorny necessity, England has traveled from a polite avoidance of any but the most currently imperative restrictions to an anything-but-polite program predicated on the grudgingly embraced belief that successful control requires strict regulation all along the line. In early war days, using her price-control machinery piecemeal to remedy evils already present instead of to

anticipate and try to head them off, England found that when the price of one commodity was regulated, an immediate rise was invited in the price of something as yet uncontrolled. Furthermore, she found, by the time the particular commodity left free was brought under control, the level at which the stabilization attempt was made was far higher than it would have been had over-all control been clapped on at the outset.

English wage rates have never received a ceiling. Made an issue last fall, all freezing plans failed of support from labor. Present wage arrangements link the pay of a large group of England's 21,000,000 wage earners to changes in the price level. Consequently, any upward thrust in prices is immediately reflected by an upward thrust in wages. Official statistics show that the thirty per-cent war-time increase in living costs has been accompanied by a twenty-six per-cent lift in wage rates.

In one field in the English experience—and one only—was an effective and almost absolute control exercised from the first. That field was rents. These, in the month of the war-declaration, were frozen for the dwellings of working and lower middle-class people for the duration of the war and six months thereafter.

Meantime, while England was proceeding with her trials and errors and not getting on any too well, Canada, also, was acquiring price-control experience. Entering the war at approximately the same time as England, she, like the mother country, quickly instituted a system of piecemeal control of commodity prices. Unlike the mother country, however, she got along fairly well for a time—an experience explainable in part by the fact that because of the abnormally low level of Canadian prices during the summer of 1939, rises subsequent to the war program amounted generally to little more than a healthy recovery. To be sure, there were a number of flurries in early war days. Panic-buying of sugar broke out. Flurries in butter and cheese followed. But such scattered eruptions were satisfactorily handled as they appeared by the War-time Prices and Trade Board, which watched changes carefully and acted promptly when individual commodity prices, or groups of them, threatened to rise unduly or suddenly.

After a period of twelve months or so, however, the orderly picture changed. Canada had reached a new stage in her war effort. The industrial program was rolling in impressive fashion; men, ma-

chines and materials were increasingly scarce. The demands of war were paramount, and only what was left over could be used for civilian goods. At the same time, the people as a whole had more money to spend—even after paying increased taxes and buying Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates. The scene was set for a rapid and general price rise, and it began—too widespread and powerful to be checked by controlling the prices of individual commodities. Canada had arrived at the same stage reached by England months earlier.

Having watched the English failure to cope successfully with that stage through the piecemeal system, Canada determined upon sterner methods. Through a regulation made public last November, she declared that on and after December 1, 1941, it would be an offense for any person to sell or buy goods or services at a price or rate above the highest charged by that person for those goods or services during the four weeks from September 15 to October 11 of that same year. In other words, the price and wage structure was generally cemented at a level already reached. Below that level, prices might drop; above it, they might not go.

It was stiff medicine—a form of self-discipline never before tried on the American continent, never before tried, indeed, in such degree, by free peoples anywhere.

All prices were brought under the general ceiling with the exception of a few exemptions like goods sold for export, certain odd and irregular sales, and sales of securities, bills of exchange and title deeds—the latter three being exempted mainly because of the difficulty of ascertaining base-period prices. Outside of such as these, the ceiling was universal—retail as well as wholesale prices; prices of finished goods as well as of raw materials; prices charged for the more important services like light, heat, water, warehousing and laundering; and, with appropriate safeguards, rates or remuneration by way of salaries and wages. For most farm products as well as for fish—since maximum prices obviously could not be based on the selling prices of individual farmers and fishermen—market prices were taken as the ceiling yardsticks.

Of this stiff medicine, Canada has now had a six-months' dose. It appears to agree with her. Living costs actually dropped during the first two months. Policing of prices was effectively carried out by the women of Canada. Business leaders report that with the aid of subsidies where needed to maintain profit margins, business, generally, is satisfactory. It is too early, of course, definitively to pronounce the experiment a success. Nevertheless, it bears the hallmark.

South of the Canadian border these developments and those in England were being closely watched by the United States, which was likewise determined to avoid another Pyrrhic victory like that of World War I, which by 1920 had sent her cost of living to two-and-one-half times what it was in 1914.

As early as September 29, 1939, President Roosevelt requested the Temporary National Economic Committee to keep close tab on price developments.

Eight months later a separate agency was established whose duty was to work toward price stabilization. Passing through various stages and existing under three different names, this agency, headed by Leon Henderson, ultimately emerged in 1941 as the Office of Price Administration. Months before it was given legal power to enforce its decisions, it was working to beat upward price pressures with what tools it had—measures to increase supply, efforts to influence buying practices, issuance of suggestions or warnings to industry and individual concerns, actual price agreements with individual companies and groups of companies, and formal price ceilings on individual commodities.

Despite its efforts, living costs advanced—not with the tremendous upsurging of the last war, but with a slow steadiness that between February and mid-December, 1941 amounted to about one per cent a month. It became apparent that if price control were to be effective, the administering agency must have greater powers.

Congress responded last January with the Emergency Price Control Act of 1942, giving Mr. Henderson sweeping authority. Power to fix wages was not included, and rent-fixing was limited to defense areas. Nevertheless the act was legal basis for a form of self-discipline almost as rigorous as Canada's—a design for war living without counterpart in the history of the United States. Mr. Henderson did not immediately use all his broad authority, but the handwriting was on the wall.

Three months later the President announced that the time had come. As part of a seven-point anti-inflation program, the Price Administrator was about to bring his full authority into play. The following day, in a single order, Mr. Henderson set the highest prices charged in March, 1942 as an absolute ceiling over virtually everything eaten, worn and used in the United States—the only exemptions being a limited list of food commodities. Companion orders paved the way for control of rents in 302 defense areas in forty-six States and Puerto Rico, and set separate ceilings for a broad range of commodities and products.

Wages in war industry, the President announced, would be stabilized by the War Labor Board, which was instructed to bar increases except in cases of sub-standard wages. Other industry was expected to conform to the board's decisions. For farm prices, revision of the Emergency Price Control Act was asked so that the ceiling of 110 per cent of parity might be lowered to a flat 100 per cent.

Thus, the United States set its course at a point between England's and Canada's, but generally nearer Canada's, especially with respect to method. Where wages are concerned, however, her policy, though going beyond England's, is perhaps nearer that country's—at least for the time being.

Whether or not the course is well charted, time alone will tell—as it will for the two other countries. It may be that price control in a democracy can never be as successful as in a dictatorship. Be that as it may, the experiments now going on in these democratic laboratories give promise that the tool will be shaped to adequacy.

FREEDOM MUST RUN A RISK WHEN WAGES ARE FROZEN

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

FRANKLY, this article makes no pretense of solving a problem that is worrying labor leaders, editorial writers, industrialists, farmers, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Henderson, Mr. McNutt, the War Labor Board, Congress and even the President. In Hitler's Germany, the problem could not arise, at least not in the acute form in which it plagues us. If wages threatened to upset the even keel of living costs and bring on inflation there, some minor fuehrer would crack down, and that would be the end of that. But we are a democracy fighting for the Four Freedoms, and no matter how gravely we may be threatened by inflation on the home front, we cannot afford to dodge the danger by disregarding democratic processes.

In the final analysis, this regard not merely for the principles of democracy but for the practice as well is the bottleneck in our fight against inflation. It is well for us all to remember this: both those who think, rather stupidly, that every demand for a wage increase is a selfish exploitation of the war emergency, and those who resent any criticism of wage demands as a blow at organized labor. There has been too much loose talk about wage demands and inflation for the country's good, too many impassioned appeals and too many personalities. It would be nice if we could find a solution, all neatly wrapped up in cellophane, which would satisfy everybody and still be conducive to the common good. But there is no such solution, and whatever policy is finally decided on, it will not please everybody. Of that much we can be certain.

Meanwhile we have to live together and work together and fight together. We cannot now afford the luxury of domestic squabbles between labor and management, between workers and farmers, or between any other economic groups. After all, a great deal of the acrimony over the wages-inflation issue is due to prejudice and over-simplification of a highly complex problem. While knowledge is not a complete antidote to jaundiced judgment, it does help to make us more fair and reasonable. Consider, then, what the President and Mr. Henderson, head of the Office of Price Administration, are up against.

Wages are related to the threat of inflation in two ways. In the first place, since they enter into the cost of production, an increase in wages tends to raise costs. But when costs go up, then prices go up, too, and the first stage in an inflationary spiral has begun. The jump in prices promptly leads to

new demands for higher wages, and if these are granted, then up go the prices again. The spiral spins higher and higher and faster and faster until money becomes almost worthless and the whole system falls to pieces.

In the second place, an increase in wages adds to the purchasing power in the hands of consumers. If goods are plentiful, this increased purchasing power will have only a mildly inflationary effect; but if goods are scarce, the pressure of increased purchasing power will drive prices toward the stratosphere. With fifty per cent of our industrial capacity now devoted to war production, economists estimate that next year the excess of purchasing power over available goods will amount to about thirty billion dollars. This difference between available goods and money to spend for them is called the "inflationary gap," and it has Mr. Henderson and the O.P.A. and all the rest of us very badly frightened.

On this double relation of wages to prices are based the arguments for freezing wages. If they are not frozen, we are told, then Mr. Henderson's attempt to hold down the cost of living by putting ceilings over a number of goods and services will certainly fail. In other words, the threat of a runaway inflation is real and imminent.

Not everybody, though, accepts this line of reasoning without qualification. It is not always true, for instance, that an increase in wages involves necessarily higher prices because of the added costs of production. It is possible that the added costs can be absorbed by full use of productive facilities and by increased efficiency in operation. In the "Little Steel" case, the union made much of this argument, and a War Labor Board Panel found that the companies concerned were well able to meet the proposed wage increase out of their heavy profits. The same is probably true of many industries engaged in war production. In all these cases, then, an increase in wages, though adding to costs, would not lead, or ought not lead, to higher prices.

In this connection, the President was reported to have said that wages are more closely related to the cost of living in some industries than in others. This is a valid observation, since it is obvious that an increase in wages in the steel or shipbuilding industries would have nothing like the same effect on the cost of living that a similar increase in, say, the canning or meat-packing industries would clearly have.

Similarly, with respect to the influence of wages on the inflationary gap, reservations can be made. The argument that increases in wages augment the pressure of consumer power on dwindling goods and services has universal force only if people desire to spend all their money. If they save it or use it to reduce their debts, the inflationary gap will be widened very little, or not at all. Actually there is some evidence that this is just what is happening. Toward the end of April, the Department of Commerce announced that a survey showed that "roughly fifty per cent of the expansion in consumer income during recent months has been saved." A similar study of the Department of Labor, released last week by Secretary Perkins, revealed that about sixty per cent of wage-increases is being saved. The report concluded that on the basis of what is now happening there will be no inflation resulting from a spending spree. This conclusion is borne out by the present state of the retail trades. According to Thomas F. Conroy, writing in the *New York Times*, July 19: "Consumer spending for the time being has lagged in comparison with the sharp rise in national income."

For these reasons some feel that the threat of inflation has been magnified. Even if this is so, the President and his advisors would be justified in their present course. Where inflation is concerned, the consequences are so serious that no risk should ever be taken. In present circumstances, to gamble with it is to gamble with the security and very existence of our country.

Must then wages be frozen at present levels as an integral and essential part of the war against inflation?

This is a hard question, one of the hardest that a democracy has ever had to face. Let us consider some of the problems it raises.

1. To freeze wages at present levels would crystallize the inequities in the distribution of the national income. Sixty-eight per cent of American workers, according to figures lately released by the Department of Labor, are below the forty-dollar-a-week level; fifty per cent of them earn less than thirty dollars a week. Meanwhile living costs have gone up thirteen per cent since 1939. Obviously, to impose an iron ceiling on this situation would be to make a mockery of one of the Four Freedoms we are fighting for—the freedom from want. Whatever course is decided upon, room must be left to raise sub-standard wages.

2. In addition to sub-standard wages, there are many inequalities in our wage structure, inequalities between different industries and sometimes between different plants in the same industry. To freeze these inequalities would lead to a deplorable turnover in labor, to labor migration and to labor pirating; and this in turn would lead inexorably to freezing workers in their jobs. Such a course is so drastic that it ought not be adopted except as a last resort. Consequently, some provision must be made for removing these inequalities.

3. The national income for 1942 will probably exceed that of 1941 by about twenty-one per cent. It is estimated that if wage rates remain constant,

1942 payrolls will exceed 1941 payrolls by about eleven per cent. If this is true, labor's share of the national income, already inadequate, will fall by about ten per cent.

This opens up an interesting line of speculation. It is quite generally recognized that if our mass-production economy is to function at anything near capacity, purchasing power must be widely distributed. For this reason, many economists insist that a larger part of our national income must go to labor in the form of wages than has heretofore been the case, and a smaller part to capital in the form of interest and dividends. For the immediate present, of course, this reasoning has no validity: with the Government taking such a large part of our production, there is actually a great excess of purchasing power over available goods and services. But this war will be over sometime. What then? Is it not possible that freezing wages now will leave labor in a poor position after the war to create, through its savings, an effective demand for goods that will keep factories busy and unemployment at a minimum?

For this reason, if for no other, the recent suggestion of William Green, president of the A.F. of L., that wage-earners in the higher brackets accept wage increases in the form of non-negotiable war bonds deserves more serious consideration than it has yet received.

4. One of the arguments against maintaining the relative position of labor's purchasing power during the war needs some clarification. We have been told that our standard of living must come down, even below the 1932 level. Therefore, it is argued, to try to sustain labor's peace-time purchasing power during the war is a contradiction, and the attempt, consequently, to raise wages to maintain labor's position must be abandoned.

A distinction, it seems to me, ought to be made between labor's purchasing power and labor's standard of living. The two are not identical at a time like this. Labor's standard of living, in the higher brackets, at least, must come down, and will come down whether wages are raised or not. The goods and services necessary to sustain this standard are simply not available. But in itself this is no argument against raising wages to keep labor's share of the national income stable, since, as the Panel in the "Little Steel" case well said: "Money has value even when it must be saved."

5. Wage freezing involves the practical abandonment of collective bargaining for the duration of the war. This is a grave consideration, for without collective bargaining, it is doubtful whether labor can hold its present, hard-won gains. There will be little incentive, beyond loyalty, to keep up union membership, much less to join a union. Hence, wage freezing will probably lead to increased demands for maintenance-of-membership or some other form of union security, and the War Labor Board, despite employer opposition, will grant them. Otherwise the end of the war will find organized labor weaker than before.

Thus it can be seen that wage-freezing is a complicated, difficult procedure, and the case against it

is strong. Nevertheless, some means must be found of keeping wages in line and of stabilizing the cost of living. In his broadcast to the nation on April 28, President Roosevelt said: "We must stabilize wages," but what he meant by this has never been made clear. Those in favor of freezing wages have their interpretation; labor has its interpretation; recently the War Labor Board, in the "Little Steel" case, gave its interpretation. The W.L.B. set up a formula whereby wages are to be tied to prices, the basis being labor's purchasing power as of January 1, 1941.

Perhaps this formula is not final. Perhaps the President may intervene with the consent of Congress and set a definite national policy. Regardless of what happens, we must all be prepared to accept whatever formula is ultimately decided on. The time for debate is about over. The hour for united action has come.

PERPLEXING PABULUM FOR MODERN BABES

JOHN WILTBYE



ON the Fourth of July, 1942, a friend of mine who ekes out a precarious existence by writing stories to amuse and instruct the young of both sexes, drew a long breath, and decided that he had just created a masterpiece. Even allowing for the stony hearts of editors—the Simon Legrees!—it should bring him, he estimated, at least fifty dollars.

Spurred by the anticipated pleasure of unveiling his masterpiece, and also by the need of a generous honorarium to be divided among the butcher, the baker and the landlord (for our author is an honest man), my friend forthwith enclosed this ripest fruit of his genius in an envelope. The precious cargo, along with postage for its return, a small but necessary courtesy with which all who deal with editors are familiar, was then dispatched to the office of a periodical founded some years ago to help parents to learn how to amuse and instruct their young of both sexes.

I may here note in parenthesis that this object is most praiseworthy, and I am all for it. As one who has tried it, I know that it is easy enough to tell Jack and little Mary a story on request. But they demand the original text forever thereafter, and all variations are barred. Introduce one new detail, and they fix you with a look of surprise strongly spiced with reproach. "No, the old lady who lived in a shoe *didn't* have 267 children," they chorus. "Last time you said she had 399." As I hastily mend my text, I realize that liars and re-tellers of stories to the young need good memories.

But to return to our author. With incredible celerity, the editor replied on August 5. He was inclined to share the author's conviction that the sun at last had dawned upon a masterpiece of fiction for the young. But—and here the author's spirits fell—he must make some changes. That is like asking a mother to have Johnny's cute little pug nose altered into a Roman beak, but all authors must bear with such outrages, or go without food. But this editor knew his market, and you will agree when you hear the emendations he peremptorily demanded.

"You write about cupboards," he charged. "You also write about garrets, in which children spend rainy afternoons rummaging in old trunks. Modern children do not know what a garret or a cupboard is. Their parents, or at least the parents of most of them, don't know either. Ours is an age of apartment houses and refrigerating devices. Did you ever find an apartment with a garret? Some have penthouses, but garrets went out with horsehair trunks. Have you ever seen a modern kitchen with a cupboard? It has a what-you-may-call-it that serves the same purpose, pretty much. But it isn't called a cupboard. Our circulation is mostly in the larger cities, and you must take that into consideration." And thanking the author, etc., he begged to enclose the usual honorarium, a check for twenty-five dollars.

Sad, but wiser, my friend resolved to change his stance for the sake of his sustenance. Hereafter he will write for the young in terms of airplanes, racing-cars, television sets and the latest substitutes for rubber. Cupboards and garrets are out for the duration of his career as a provider of literary pabulum for modern babes.

That very evening, I chanced to drop in on him. He was not filled with unmixed joy. Of course, twenty-five dollars is twenty-five dollars, but with the check came the realization that it was incumbent upon him to draw up for his guidance an Index of Prohibited Terms. It was either that, or a glossary of terms with which children were once familiar, appended to his stories. But he feared that children would not care to interrupt the flow of the story by thumbing a dictionary. "I can't write any more about hearthstones," he mourned, "or about the old kitchen stove. I can't ask Johnny to split kindling, for the boy would not know what I meant, or if he did, what could the poor child do with the kindling?"

"Nor can little Mary put a few more stitches in her sampler, or take out her sewing-basket for a final touch on her pinafore. To her mother, a sampler is something you buy, framed, in an antique shop, and as for the sewing-basket, there's none in the establishment. Since mother can't sew, she can't teach little Mary. The family gathered before the fire, Father amusing himself with *Pickwick Papers* after a hard day at the office, Mother darning Father's socks, and the children popping corn or roasting apples, is a social phenomenon known only to young people with a love of archeology. What they know best is a radio blaring out frightful jazz until midnight, or an evening at the

movies with Lyrna Moy, Bark Cable, Donald Duck, and other leaders of the nation.

"Yes, times have changed. Old Mark Adams is the only man I know, or ever heard of, who actually saw a potter at his wheel in an American town. Mark was raised in a small town in central Pennsylvania in the late 'sixties, and when he was a small boy, three places drew him as honey draws flies. One was the shed in which the potter worked. Mostly he made earthen jars, which folks used in the kitchen and milk-cellar, or as receptacles for various kinds of preserved foods. The other place, of course, was the blacksmith's, and the third was the shoemaker's shop.

"You went out in the country, and when the farmer butchered, you could buy a hide that he did not need for his own uses. You took it to the tanner, and he had part of it for his fee, or you paid him for his work. Then you brought it to the cobbler's, and he made the shoes for the family. Life of that kind is a closed book, a locked book, to our city children.

"All those old things are typical of people who lived in homes. Most of us today live in apartment houses, flats and tenements. These have a floor, four walls and a ceiling. Homes have something more than that. Little Eddie Smith—you know him—still thinks it strange that his family has the exclusive right to both the stories and the attic, too, in their new home. They moved out to Elmhurst last month. He is a bit bashful about ascending to the second story. In his brief experience, another family, or half a dozen families, always lived in the floor above."

My literary friend's perplexity is well founded. But the perplexity of some parents and most teachers is no less real, and far more serious. Times change and authors change with them, and we have no reason to complain if our poets no longer spell like Chaucer. (But I wish that even one of them could sing like Chaucer.) I have been asking myself if the changes we have witnessed in so many fields in the last two or three decades do not make the education of children particularly difficult. It was never easy, of course, but certain inevitable phases of modern urban life, must make parents despair.

These phases must be reckoned with. We cannot wave them aside as unrealities.

The real source of a child's education is not the school. It is the home. His best teachers are not those whom he meets in the classroom. They are his parents, and his brothers and sisters. In the homes of another generation, there was a discipline that was admirable in its power to develop in the child an awareness of duty and of the obligation to be faithful to it. That discipline arose naturally. It was not forced, or brought in from without. It existed because homes existed, and because without it, homes could not exist.

Boys and girls had their allotted tasks in the home. For the boy, there was a hod to be kept full of coal, a box to be replenished from time to time with kindling, perhaps a domestic pet to be looked after. To his sister were assigned small tasks with-

in the house. In time, she learned to sew and to cook. The boy's chores faintly foreshadowed the responsibilities of a father—to bring things that were needed into the house. The girl's were akin to those of her mother—to turn four walls and a roof into a home. Faithful performance of these tasks was required. Failures were followed by penalties. But in time most boys and girls did their little tasks almost as though they realized (and in part they did) that bringing in the coal, and helping mother with the dishes, was not drudgery, but contributions to the comfort and happiness of all in the home. They were unconscious little testimonials to the dignity of labor.

The value of that training cannot be overestimated. It is the very heart of the process that we call, rather loosely, education. Nothing that any school will ever give can take its place. Only the home can put into the heart of a child thoughts and aspirations never to be forgotten, because they have become part of his very being. It is the home that gives the child the beginning of mental and spiritual weal or woe. Other agencies can help parents in their great work, and too often, alas, still other agencies must later be called upon to reform what is wrong, when parents have failed to make a home for their children. Of those tragedies, it is heart-breaking to think. But how often we must think of them!

An old Sister (not my contemporary, for she was born about 1830) once told me that when she was in her St. Louis convent boarding-school, Thursday afternoon was set aside for a matter of high moment. The children gathered in a large room, and while a Sister read to them from Alban Butler's *Lives of the Saints* or Bishop Milner's *End of Controversy*, and similar specimens of light literature, these young Penelopes darned, sewed, wove, and even patched shoes! Every young lady was supposed to keep her wardrobe in order and, with a little skilled assistance, to make her own clothes. I am not familiar with modern schools for young ladies, but I fear that this Thursday afternoon exercise no longer flourishes. Penelope is *passé*.

Yet as I draw these reflections of a crusty old bachelor to an end, I lean to the conclusion that I am not only crusty, but wrong-headed. If it is harder to train a child today, God will see to it that we have parents as strong in their way as those parents who in another day could make the home a superlatively excellent school. The machine age in which we live has created special difficulties, but these will challenge, not depress, parents willing to co-operate with God's grace.

That puts the work squarely up to parents. On them rests the future.

As for the cupboards, hearthstones, garrets, samplers and sewing-baskets, which my friend may no longer mention, I think that love can gild their modern equivalents, and make them beautiful. Saint Augustine's *Ama et fac quod vis*, "love and do what you will," can turn a cellar tenement, or even a modern penthouse, into a home. And that alone is what counts.

CATHOLICS LOVE LIBERTY

AFTER public meetings, speakers are apt to scatter as soon as "Amen" has been pronounced. In a certain small town, however, orators at a War Bond rally took the notion to cool off upon a shaded bench and compare a few notes.

A Catholic lawyer, in this instance, had stirred the audience with an eloquent discourse on patriotism, liberty and the rights of the little man. The local preacher, who had given the invocation, was troubled with a doubt.

"I have been deeply impressed," remarked the preacher, "with your earnestness and your devotion to the cause of liberty as guaranteed by our American Constitution. I personally trust in your assurances. But in my profession I not infrequently meet individuals who claim that the respect Catholics entertain for civil liberty and civic rights is based exclusively upon the interests of their Church itself. 'American Catholics,' they assert, 'are champions of freedom because it is under that freedom the Catholic Church has grown large and powerful in this country.' So they would not be interested in any type of freedom which did not *per se* benefit their organization. What is your comment?"

"I would not deny," replied the lawyer with some deliberation, "that you may find individual Catholics whose concept of civil liberty rests upon such a limited foundation. Some of our European Catholic friends have rather unpleasantly rubbed in this point of late. After all, so many shackles have been imposed upon mankind and upon religion itself in the name of liberty that you will excuse a certain suspicious attitude."

"Absolutely," replied the preacher.

"But if you wish to judge the attitude of American Catholics by the mind of the Church itself, you will find your interpretation by no means corresponds to the real picture of Catholic teaching. Catholics would be untrue to their Faith if they did not set the highest store by the guarantees of religious freedom that our country provides. Our reverence, however, for the Constitution and for the civil liberties it protects is derived from a much wider source than the exclusive interests of the Church. It springs from what our Faith teaches us concerning the fundamental rights and values which belong to all men, as children of God. In recent years, these universal rights and values have been repeatedly expressed by the various Pontiffs. If I rightly interpret the Pope, never was such need to reassert them as today."

In view of just such discussions as this, and just such thoughts that preoccupy American minds, American Catholics will naturally welcome any movement or type of education which will help to clarify, for ourselves first of all, the genuinely Catholic position concerning the ethical basis of civic rights. The *Sword of the Spirit* movement, that has achieved so much clarification on basic issues in Great Britain, may aid in this respect, if it spreads to the United States. It is urgent to remove every source of misunderstanding.

EDITORIAL

SECULARISM AND TYRANNY

DENYING vigorously a charge of the *London Times* that the German Hierarchy had "let themselves become the tools of Hitler in his criminal purposes," the editors of the *Tablet*, influential English Catholic weekly, point out that, even if true, this accusation comes illogically and in poor taste from British publicists. For years they have been "strongly in favor of not allowing the Catholic Church to interfere with the civil allegiance which men owe to their Governments"; and they have, therefore, no justification for censoring the German Bishops because the latter have not, allegedly, done something which British opinion hitherto has not allowed them the right to do.

In raising this issue, the *Tablet* is getting down to one of the fundamental causes of modern disorder. Not only in England, but almost everywhere else in Christendom, secularism has dominated society for a hundred years and more. The State conceded religion a place in the life of nations, but a very subordinate and entirely private place. When Hitler, therefore, attempts to destroy Christianity in Germany by raising the cry of "the Church in politics," he is only doing in a more ruthless and thorough-going way what almost every other European country has done at some time or another during the past century. They have persistently striven, frequently in the most underhanded fashion, to eliminate the Church as a public factor in national life, and in this they have pretty well succeeded. On the eve of war in 1939, the Church was a more or less negligible influence in the official life of the major European countries.

We see now, in the case of Hitler, to what extremes secularism can lead. Wherever it rules social life, democracy necessarily dies; and it is no accident that, contrary to the belief of the *London Times*, the only effective opposition today to the tyranny of Hitlerism over Germany comes from the Christian bodies of that unhappy land. Unless Europe regains, from the bitter suffering of this war, the conviction that religion is essential to public as well as to private morality, the future of freedom in the modern world, despite the Atlantic Charter, remains precarious.

NO NATIONAL CHURCH

STRONGEST engine that the Nazis can turn against the Church is the appeal to patriotism. As Prof. D. W. Brogan of Cambridge remarks, in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political Science* for July, 1942, patriotism has more fighting appeal than liberty itself at the present time. Use of this motive fits well into the Nazi plan of attacking religion by substitution rather than by any process of direct negation.

Word has just come to this country, by cable to the Religious News Service from London, of the sermon preached by Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich, on March 8, denouncing the Nazi attempts to inflame German patriotic sentiment against Rome and to set up a national Church. For years, the Cardinal declared, workers and officials had heard, sometimes in the blustering tone of the Party orator and sometimes in the whisper of the managing director: "Why do you take orders from a foreign Pope? We want a Pope on German soil. We want a national church, a uniform German Church free from Rome." Said the Cardinal in reply:

Separation from Rome in questions of religion would break the 1,200 years tradition of our diocese. We learn from the first and greatest missionaries in our country that we are Roman Catholics and we thank God we are Roman Catholics. In so doing we remain Germans, prepared to sacrifice ourselves, and patriotic in sympathy, but we do not become a national church. Christ has not appointed a pontificate of its own for every nation.

Such attempts in the past, said the Cardinal, had failed, and they would fail today. "So an end to attempts to reconstruct the Roman Catholic Church free of Rome and to erect new tombstones in the cemetery of fruitless endeavors."

The Cardinal's confidence is well founded. German Catholics have weathered too many anti-Papal storms in the past to be easily taken in by such devices today. Nevertheless, an appeal is made to age-old passions and prejudices, and the appeal will not be confined to Germany alone. This is all the more reason why Catholics in this country should familiarize themselves in time with the Christian teaching on Church and state.

FEW questions gave the framers of the Constitution graver concern than that of the powers to be vested in the executive branch of the Government. As Story wrote, fifty years later, these men had studied the history of republics, and they wished to make impossible "the executive power" which in the past had "brought ruin upon the state, or had sunk under the oppressive burden of its own imbecility." They appeared to think that power in the hands, even of an elective chief, Story intimates, might become, "as has been the case with other nations, the vulnerable part of the republic."

One provision, that which makes the President Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, has recently become the topic of much public discussion. Story, too, discussed the same provision, and concluded: "There is, then, true wisdom and policy in confiding the command of the Army and Navy to the President, since it will insure activity, responsibility and firmness in public emergencies." It was Story's opinion that these necessary "qualifications" could not "properly be presumed to exist in any other department of the government."

But the rank of Commander-in-Chief conferred by the Constitution, does not, of course, forbid the President to take counsel with experts in military affairs. The President may establish a special military board, or seek advice or information in any manner he considers proper. In what he does in this respect, he is left free by the Constitution, being subject only to his oath to preserve the Constitution in its integrity. He must apply to Congress for funds to maintain the Army and Navy, and officers of high rank must be confirmed by the Senate, but once the military forces have been organized, he may direct them as he deems fit.

An interesting article, contributed to the *New York Times* for August 9, by Mr. Arthur Krock, discusses one phase of the Second Article by sketching the relations of Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief with General Grant in 1864. Perhaps Mr. Krock is not quite fair in his estimate of Lincoln's knowledge of military operations. This may have been "quite negligible" in 1861, but Lincoln was no man's fool, and through careful study not only of recognized texts, but of a war actually in progress, his knowledge was certainly not negligible at the end of 1863. It was wide enough, in fact, and deep enough to enable him to see, as some of his official advisers could not then see, and never did see, that Grant was the leader whom the Government needed.

That famous interview on March 9, 1864, ended with the Commander-in-Chief asserting, as Grant wrote in his *Memoirs*: "that he did not want to know what I proposed to do." Unlike Lincoln, Jefferson Davis wanted to know all that his generals proposed to do, and although a West Point graduate, with a respectable military career to guide him, sometimes gave orders that were disastrous. But at this interview, Grant did not perceive

the astuteness of Lincoln, most astute of men, nor does Mr. Krock eighty years later. When, as Grant was leaving, Lincoln pulled out a military map and gave a little lecture, hopelessly wrong, wrote Grant, on how Lee could be beaten in the Peninsula, it is highly probable that the Commander-in-Chief was giving his lieutenant a final test.

Grant passed the test by listening "in respectful silence." Had he agreed with Lincoln, or shuffled, or asked permission to submit his opinion later in writing, the Commander-in-Chief might well have revised his opinion that Grant was the fighter whom for three bloody years he had sought in vain.

STRONG LIQUORS

IN time of war, Prohibitionists thrive. Just twenty-five years ago, within a few months after the United States entered the World War, the late Wayne Wheeler began a campaign with the aid of half a dozen minority groups, and it ended with the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. The pattern is repeated in 1942, and while this is cause for alarm, to pelt the Prohibitionists with hard words is not the best way of suppressing them. A publicity manager for the whiskey trade was ill-advised when in that recent convention in Cincinnati, he denounced Prohibitionists in general as "fakirs" and "liars."

The sooner the distillers show their understanding of the fact that their trade has always occasioned serious social problems, the sooner shall we approach a solution of these problems. Some Prohibitionists may be liars, and others may be fakirs. But the American style of dealing with the sale of liquor gives intelligent citizens, who detest Prohibition, just cause for complaint.

It cannot be held that the liquor traffic is in itself morally wrong, or even illegal. Still less can we admit that the temperate use of an alcoholic beverage is sinful. That is one extreme which makes the solution of the problem impossible. The other extreme, almost equally detestable, is to allow the traffic a laissez-faire policy.

We shall never arrive at proper regulation, if we regard the traffic as, primarily, a source of public revenue. That has been our error for generations. State boards resent the charge that this is their view, but perhaps not one of them has cause for just resentment. Practically all echo that public opinion which sees in a distillery or saloon nothing but an object to be taxed.

The Government will probably ban the manufacture of whiskey after November 1, and use all distilleries for the production of alcohol needed by the munition plants. If the history of Prohibition repeats itself, this order will create a kind of "black market" for the illicit manufacture and sale of low-grade, and perhaps poisonous, liquors, and put another burden on Federal and State enforcement officers. Nearly a century and a half ago, Jefferson foresaw peril in the growing trade in alcoholic liquors. It is no tribute to our political sagacity that this peril is still with us.

GIVING THANKS

ONE of the first acts that is taught the child in well bred families is to say "Thank you." Often enough the youngster enunciates the phrase with some difficulty, and if he has been overcome by the munificent gift of a gaudily painted toy, he may signify his gratitude by a gesture. But the gesture shows his recognition of the principle that gratitude is due to the giver of good things.

All of us remember that training. It is a great pity, however, that as we grow in years, we throw it aside. Next to peace among nations, gratitude is probably the rarest thing in the world. We all remember moods of depression that have been dissipated by an unexpected "Thank you," or by an act that shows a grateful heart. But as much as we appreciate it, we do not seem to care to make a common virtue of a virtue of exceeding rarity.

The Samaritan of whom we read in our Gospel (Saint Luke, xviii, 11-19) was a man who had not forgotten his early training. As a leper, he had been cast out from his community, and his life on that border land between Galilee and Samaria had been very desolate. But God looked on this outcast with love, and the words that he spoke as he saw Our Lord. "Jesus, master, have pity on us," came from his heart. Probably the same words also came from the hearts of the nine lepers, his companions, yet as soon as Jesus healed them, they forgot the great boon that had been conferred upon them. But the Samaritan "returned, with a loud voice, glorifying God, and he fell on his face at his feet, giving thanks." "Were not ten made clean?" exclaimed Jesus. "But where are the nine?" The nine were where we, judging by our pasts, would have been; in some place of comfort, forgetful of the favor just received.

Let us be honest in this matter. We often make novenas to implore some gift from Almighty God, and that is good, for every novena authorized by the Church is a holy exercise. We may not receive what we ask, but we know by faith that no prayer goes unanswered. Do we ever make a novena of thanksgiving? Have we ever made a novena, or even offered a few prayers, in thanksgiving for the all but infinite number of gifts coming from God, of which we are not even aware?

Probably we remember a few of the things our mother did for us when we were small children. From morning until night, and through the night, she cared for us solicitously, giving us all that her maternal love could give. We could not count her loving deeds then. Of most of them, we were not even aware. But we can now recall that her life was a litany of love for us.

We are God's children, and God is infinitely more solicitous for our welfare than the most tender of mothers. For that consoling truth, we have Our Lord's own word. Why not thank Him, now and then? We do not know all His blessings now; we can only know that He is Love. We shall be better Christians, and happier Christians if, instead of complaining about our miseries, we think of our blessings, and thank Him for them.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SCULPTORS, INTERVIEWS

JOHN LaFARGE

REACHING a climax in his exposition, the Commencement orator launched his most telling query.

"Why," he demanded, "have we today, in the Catholic Church in this country, no Raphaels, no Titians, no Michelangelos?"

It would take a learned person to give a complete answer to this question. However, I may venture a partial answer, by asking a question in return. What, pray, would be the fate of a Catholic artist in the United States who would perpetrate anything as startling today as was, in the sixteenth century, the figure of Christ in the Sistine Chapel *Last Judgment*? Even if he did have the genius of Michelangelo, can you see any visible patron undertaking to sponsor such a project, once a glimpse of his sketch or cartoon had got into the newspapers?

Imagine the interviews, the shudderings, the interpretations put upon the artist's motives, the queries why he did not have a theologian to advise him, the shocked warnings to the unsuspecting and innocent concerning the godless and revolutionary tendencies lurking behind this monstrous aberration. And I may frankly say that I should probably join the chorus, since I have never been able to feel comfortable in my mind about the most extreme elements, to use Professor Sorokin's phrase, in the "sensate" religious realism of the Renaissance.

This reflection makes me wonder whether there will not be considerable puzzlement a hundred years from now, when Catholics of that epoch may look back and learn of the weighty charges of "irreverence" leveled at Catholic artists or sculptors of our time who venture to break, in any shape or form, with the particular and heavily sensate fashions in devotional art current at the present moment.

Instead of seeing therein a manifestation of piety and righteousness, may they not conclude from this phenomenon that the current secularist and materialist atmosphere has penetrated our Catholic cultural life far deeper, far more efficiently, than we are now disposed to imagine?

Much of the type of painting or sculpture that is now currently accepted as "reverent," worthy to hang on the walls or be placed upon the pedestals of countless Catholic schools, rectories or convent parlors, is unmistakably in the heavily sensate tradition. It is definitely *malerisch*, definitely of the type of sensuous and virtuoso Visualism so aptly

characterized by Sorokin, Déonna and Kondakov: with its patheticism, its emotionalism, its "sweet and sentimental orderliness," the "general kindness of expression of the visages . . . exaggerated gracefulness of the body"; its "inspirationally directed" looks, etc.

There are healthy exceptions, but they are too few, too little appreciated, to counteract the general unhealthy tendency.

How many stop to think that much of this supposedly "reverent" art would be considered gravely irreverent by Catholics of the Middle Ages? Some of their most venerated monuments would raise a storm of protest were they to be projected *ab ovo* into our modern scene. The ikon-minded members of the Oriental rites see gross naturalism in our religious statues. Their qualms are excessive, but they prove we have no monopoly on reverence. As the Editor of the New York *Catholic News* observes, in his "By the Way" column for August 8:

We are reminded by this discussion that when in the early Middle Ages daring architects adopted the Franco-Norman style of architecture instead of following the traditional Greek and Roman forms, the resulting "heavy, dark and melancholy piles" were contemptuously called Gothic, about as popular a term then as Nazi is today. But Gothic became an architectural designation of honor throughout the Christian world.

Revolt against the prevailing devotional fashions is, let us honestly admit, liable to take an eccentric and bizarre aspect. As Sorokin points out (*Social and Cultural Dynamics*, Vol. I, p. 359), the movements which broke sharply and decisively with Visualism "did not succeed in becoming real Idealism or even Idealism; they are just transitory, incoherent movements"; yet a real landmark in the course of "Western art."

Whatever may be its evolution, the movement today is away from the sensate art of the past toward the ideational art of the future. The question is no longer *whether* that revolt or movement shall take place, the question is *what form* it shall take. Will it be appropriated by the Communists and the Nazi Racialists—all of them now fairly proficient in its technique—or will it bend the knee to the Saviour's Holy Name?

One would imagine, when there is question of the erection of a statue of Christ that will command national prominence, that the way to insure a combination of Catholicism and competence would be to entrust the project to a sculptor chosen by a vocationally competent jury. Their Catholicism would receive double assurance by the expert aid of responsible clergymen. That their choice would meet with some stern expressions of disapproval is all part of the day's work. It is a good thing that these things are discussed, that they are furiously debated. Michelangelo, Raphael and Titian

are doubtless quietly chuckling over the whole affair, from their pleasant corner near the Apostle Saint Luke (who surely could never have sold anything in the average modern devotional-goods shop). There is plenty of room to speculate whether the models selected succeeded in expressing the dominant idea (Christ, Light of the World) with sufficient clarity, elegance or grace. But nothing is gained by imputing evil motives, or by lamentations that an idea-expressing, rather than a sense-flattering, form of art was deliberately cultivated by the artists.

"LADY OF MY DELIGHT"

SISTER M. PHILIP

WHEN Alice Meynell coined that exquisite phrase, she must have had in mind someone like Helen C. White who, Catholic, cultured and charming, is establishing a definite tradition in the field of modern Catholic literature which is becoming increasingly aware of its priceless heritage.

Although born in New Haven, Connecticut, Miss White claims Boston as the city of her youth and education, for it was from Radcliffe College that she received both her B.A. and her M.A. After two years of teaching at Smith, she went to the University of Wisconsin where she received her Ph.D., in 1924. She is at present Professor of English at Madison and has traveled extensively both in Europe and on the continent.

"Poetry is my first love, and if I could write it, I should not write anything else," declared Helen White.

"Somewhere in the basement of a Madison storehouse," she continued laughingly, "is a box of my early poems which I have not had the heart to destroy. I am only afraid that if I should die suddenly, they would be perpetrated on a wholly unsuspecting public."

Although she had always wanted to write, at the end of her college years she had definitely decided that she had no creative gift and planned on doing only literary criticism. It was not until after her study of Mysticism that Helen C. White decided that she had something to give in a different way.

"The only reason any book of mine gets published," she continued, "is that I can't stand it any longer. In re-reading certain chapters, I think, 'This is so obvious that everyone knows it already.' But I console myself with the thought that if this chapter is feeble, the next one isn't."

"In my novel *To the End of the World*, it seemed to me that at one moment there was no movement—nothing—that it was just static. So I gave the manuscript to my sister, Olive. When she returned it, I asked: 'Do you think it moves?' 'Moves?' exclaimed Olive. 'I was just about to suggest that you cut one of the narrow escapes. Everyone knows

that you won't kill the hero in the middle of the book.'

"I can't be trusted in a library. I read very fast and take three times as many notes as I need. In my Guggenheim year, when I was doing seventeenth-century religious books, I started an introduction which developed into a whole book on devotional literature. When I had another half-year off, I did *Metaphysical Poets*, from the same set of notes and still have material enough for another volume. I am not efficient at research: I take far too many notes."

"Inspiration? Well, you know how it is. Worthwhile ideas have a way of staying around until you make use of them. I know what sort of thing I want to write about before I do the actual story. Then follows the growth of the idea. In *To the End of the World*, I knew the sort of man and the thing about which I wanted to write before I started the actual work, which concerns the problem of the impact of revolution—the problem of contemporary civilization—not what happens to those who go, but rather what happens to those who stay."

Because of her almost uncanny character delineation, her ability to let a glance of the eye or a turn of the head portray her characters more cryptically than many words, I asked if she had made a special study of psychology, or by what means she achieved this artistry. She seemed delightfully amused, and replied that all she needed was a woman's intuition, and added that "men are generally quite obtuse in this regard."

One of her outstanding characteristics is the ability to make everyone she meets feel that he is tremendously interesting. And her pity is wholeheartedly extended to those who, like herself, are afflicted with the ignoble and unheroic suffering of simply dripping away with hay fever. In fact, she commented quite forcibly on the distorted justice which extends greater sympathy to people suffering from asthma.

Why doesn't she write about moderns? Because earlier settings, aside from their keen historical interest, allow her greater freedom in character portrayal. She said laughingly: "If I wrote of contemporaries, everyone would wonder who was being done in. This way I am unhampered in my contacts with my pupils, nor is there any restraint in my dealings with my colleagues and associates."

This year's recipient of the Laetare Medal, Helen C. White has a message to those interested in the field of creative endeavor. "To the aspiring writer I would say, be as good a Catholic as you can within your limits and possibilities, and write as good a piece of work as you can. It is blasphemous to call an essentially feeble thing *Catholic*. One needs no other picture of Catholicism in Norway than the virile *Kristin Lavransdatter* by Sigrid Unset, and no thin little job of apologetics can substitute for the grim realism of David Matthews' *History of Catholicism in England*."

"Truthfulness is the first essential of success for the Catholic novelist. Each of us throws a certain kind of light upon the world, and it is up to us to be true to it."

GEO-POLITICAL SEED

DEMOCRATIC IDEALS AND REALITY. By Halford J. Mackinder. Henry Holt and Co. \$2.50

NO book dealing with post-war reconstruction has come to us on a greater wave of superlatives than this one, not even the recent work of Herbert Hoover and Hugh Gibson. Strange turn in the career of a book written way back in 1918 by a former director of the London School of Economics to influence the deliberations at Versailles! Largely neglected at the time by English-speaking readers, this essay in geopolitics, in that grand strategy "which integrates military, political, economic, geographic and psychological factors in national power," did not pass unnoticed by the Germans. According to no less an authority than General Karl Haushofer, whose thinking has greatly influenced Hitler, the author's thesis made a deep impression on German strategical thought.

Sir Halford wrote under the fear that the fruits of victory would be lost by a peace conceived solely in a spirit of democratic idealism. "Shall we succeed," he asked, "in soberly marrying our new idealism to reality?" And his answer was "No," unless the peace-makers take into consideration the hard realities of geography and power along with their zeal for a perfect world. For the very geography of the world tends, he asserted, to the formation of huge empires and their inevitable clash, and this clash cannot be prevented by any merely juridical organization of nations, no matter how sincere their respective intentions may be.

According to the author, the key to an understanding of world geography is what he calls "the Heartland"—the vast expanse of territory which extends north and south from the icy shore of Siberia to Baluchistan and Persia, and east and west from Manchuria to the basin of the Volga. It is from this region, peopled by Tartars, that conquering hosts set out to seize China and India, Europe and the Near East—the Moguls, Attila and his Huns, the Ottoman Turks.

Whoever controls this vast region controls the world; for the world is, after all, only two islands, as we realize now in this age of swift transportation—the "world-island" comprising Europe, Asia and Africa, and that lesser island compounded of the two Americas. From the "heartland" a conqueror can strike at China and India, and thus control Asia; he can march southward and westward, as did the Turks, and Europe and Africa are open to him. Once in control of the "world-island," such tremendous seapower can be based on it that the lesser island of the Americas must necessarily succumb to attack.

One step remains to be taken before this picture is complete and its meaning for us apparent. Whoever dominates Eastern Europe, Sir Halford contends, controls the "Heartland," and therefore the world! Consequently, the solution of world peace lies in Eastern Europe, in that territory which stretches between the Baltic and the Black Seas and which has been, all during modern history, the contested battleground of German and Slav. To prevent either Russia or Germany from complete control of the "Heartland," the peace-makers must build in Eastern Europe a string of strong, if relatively small, independent nations which will effectively divide Russia and Germany. If this is not done, he predicted, our grandchildren will again be at war.

The bulk of the book is devoted to establishing this thesis, but the author does not ignore the influence of nineteenth-century economics on war. He believes that a policy of laissez-faire is inherently imperialistic, and that free trade, contrary to the credo of Cobden and

the Manchester School, leads not to peace and prosperity, but to rivalry and conflict. He holds, furthermore, that laissez-faire economics creates class tensions within society and contributes to a lop-sided development of national life. Only a balanced development of the economic life of each nation, brought about by decentralization and stress on local life on the one hand, and access to the raw materials of the world on the other, can assure the foundations of national contentment and world cooperation.

The publishers have done a real service in bringing this book to the attention of the same readers who neglected it twenty years ago. Hitler has given it a new and terrible pertinence.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

TENSE WAR REPORTING

ACTION IN THE EAST. By O. D. Gallagher. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

REPORTERS' impressions on various phases of the war could more than fill our book columns every week. Most of these first-hand lowdowns are of very ephemeral character, of their very nature, and this one, too, is by no means immortal literature. But for a vivid, authentically and graphically told tale of lethargy and heroism, of blunders and successes, of red tape and simple, direct action, you can't do much better than read this book.

Mr. Gallagher is a South African who has been covering war news since the far-off and, under present blitz methods, rather idyllic days of Ethiopia. He has learned his job well, and a part of it, apparently, is to be on the spot when things happen. The present volume tells of a number of spots—the *H.M.S. Repulse*, as it went down, with the *Prince of Wales*, under the murderous Japanese torpedo-planes; Singapore, going incredibly about its lackadaisical business up to the very moment of disaster; Rangoon, whose civil government, with the enemy at the gate, could not organize well enough to unload the American lend-lease goods waiting in the harbor.

The whole rapid-paced book leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is the story of brave lives being thrown away too often because of the arrogance and incompetence of the brass-hats. Yet, the simple heroism of the ordinary fighting man stands out most thrillingly in the pages, most magnificently, perhaps, the exploits of the American Volunteer Group, the now famous AVG fliers in China. Their record, borne very modestly by most of them, was, up to April, 1942, eighty to one in planes bagged.

There are good passages in appreciation of the fighting qualities of the Chinese, and of the ordinary British Tommy, laboring, as he does thus far in the war, from definitely uninspiring leadership. And no little interest is added to the book by the fact that many of the adventures were in company with the now famous reporter, Cecil Brown, whose reports from the East were such scoops.

The last chapter of this very readable book has a few unfortunate notes. Granting that the Japanese have been barbarous in all their conquests, that the various atrocity tales are all true, there is still no reason to bemean ourselves by wallowing in name-calling—after all, the Japanese are not "apes." With this restriction, the book can be recommended for a vivid, if somber, account of the war in the sector that is particularly ours.

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POTPOURRI ABOUT BESS

ELIZABETH: CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCE. By Hilaire Belloc. Harper and Bros. \$2.75

THIS is a disappointing book. It is not, as its title would seem to imply, a biography of Elizabeth. It is not even exclusively a commentary upon certain important phases of the Elizabethan period. It is neither biography nor history but rather a series of superficial and fragmentary reflections on a great number of things—Elizabeth's early years, monarchy, the so-called Reformation, torture, toleration, the Church of England, dissenters, Bunyan and Wordsworth, Scotland, Mary Stuart, the Casket Letters, the Spanish Armada, the death of Elizabeth, the decline of the arts during the past four hundred years and the Catholic Survival.

If one can safely put down Mr. Belloc's conclusion it would be that "it is true of Elizabeth Tudor as of all of us; that she was in the main a passenger through life and a spectator of the scenes through which life carried her: not a maker thereof." Quite a few historians will disagree violently with Mr. Belloc on this pithy evaluation.

As for the rest of the book, Mr. Belloc seems to have been a bit drowsy when he dictated it. He expresses the opinion, for example, that neither Elizabeth nor anyone else would definitely call the Spanish Armada "hostile invasion." Whatever it was, we are confident that Mr. Belloc would not call it a pleasure cruise. Quite a few eyebrows will be lifted over Mr. Belloc's dogmatic pronouncement that "democracy is obviously impossible save in small societies." In his concluding chapter Mr. Belloc positively snores. He states that when the Catholic Revival did come in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, "it was not from within, but from without." This is contrary to the easily available evidence. He minimizes the importance of the conversion of such men as Newman and Manning, and concludes that "we can all testify that for the moment the battle for the Faith in England has been lost." This reviewer put down the book with the feeling that he had been wasting his time. JOHN J. O'CONNOR

THE ROOTS OF AMERICAN CULTURE. By Constance Rourke, edited and with a preface by Van Wyck Brooks. Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$3

IT IS to be regretted that Miss Rourke did not live to fulfil her expectations of writing a three-volume history of American culture. Her former writings and the narrative parts of this group of essays, from the first of which the book takes its title, give us every reason to believe that it would have been a work of great value. Miss Rourke seems to be at her best in a flowing narrative. The excellent chapters in this work on the early theatricals prove her ability to put a glow into a story.

Unfortunately, the author fails somewhat to carry this vitality into the realm of ideas and theory. The thesis that America has a "folk" tradition, is neither presented nor defended with the same clarity that so enlightens the narrative essays. The same ideas are given a tedious repetition, while unusual pet phrases and words stand out too prominently to bear gracefully the frequency with which they are given. Some of the ideas do not seem to have the novelty that the author would give them, but it was a surprise to learn that the colonists used any but our modern musical scale.

One wonders if the theory of the book is not an extension of Turner's frontier thesis into the field of culture. It seems strange that while the Turner thesis is receiving a rather strong buffeting from the pens of critics, it should make itself felt in the history of culture. Miss Rourke, however, is careful and does not go to the extreme of asserting that our entire culture is due solely to the frontier.

Like most posthumous works, the book as a whole has an uneven quality. The essays on the theatre in the west, and on the elder Booth are the best, while the weakest is the sketch of the Shakers. Parts of this

essay hardly seem to fit into the scope of the work. Had Miss Rourke lived, we are sure she would have given the style a uniform luster and clearness, besides adding references to the many quotations and facts.

JOSEPH R. FRESE

How MANY WORLD WARS? By Maurice Léon. Dodd, Mead and Co. \$2

A LAWYER wrote this book. The guilty statesmen of the past are summoned to the bar of history. Against them the author reasons closely, bitterly, mercilessly, summoning witnesses, quoting documents. The central figure is President Wilson, "a man who in speech was a high idealist and in action proved at times as pitiless as a crocodile." He wanted "peace without victory," and Lloyd George was his tool. He promised France a security which the American Senate refused to ratify. Afterward Harding and the Republicans did nothing, though promising much.

The enemy is Pan-Germanism. It must be destroyed. After the last war, international bankers of German extraction quickly saw that Germany had won the truce and would renew hostilities. The point at issue is, that if we are to avoid a third war, we must heed the warning of Marshal Foch, set a watch upon the Rhine, keep a vigilant eye upon German heavy industry. The book is sound, but it is a plea, not a history. It does not tell the whole story. France was not without blame. She had her birth-control, her secret societies, her crooked bourgeois politicians. Chesterton always claimed that Vienna should be made the capital of Germany and that Prussia ought to be isolated.

The opposite happened. Why? Was it (in part) religious prejudice? The case histories of the three men at Versailles do not bar that theory. The book is able, forthright. It warns against past mistakes made by all concerned, bankers and statesmen, Jews and Gentiles.

GEORGE T. EBERLE

THE LONG SHIPS PASSING. By Walter Havighurst. The Macmillan Co. \$3

AMERICA has been playing the game of geopolitics for as long as Nazi Germany, but in a Whitmanesque, not a Haushoferian fashion. Our artists and authors have spent some fifteen years now in regarding the face of the land and finding it beautiful; or, to put their rendezvous with hills and lakes and rivers in another way, they have been remembering the maps and atlases of their childhood in the uneasy tranquillity afforded them by a nation's girding its loins and sharpening its arrowheads against the coming of it knew not what in the troubled decade before Pearl Harbor; and the net result has been both to awaken a dormant national consciousness and to poeticize the geography of our continent in a manner Vergil would have understood. Mr. Havighurst belongs to this new group of lovers of our land. His new book is a worthy successor to his *The Upper Mississippi*, one of the "Rivers of America" series.

The Long Ships Passing, an orchestration of the Great Lakes area, its history, folklore, ethos and industrial development, is more sternly Georgic than Bucolic, perhaps; but it has its moments of eclogue, as, for example, when the author evokes the fog-horns blowing through the mists of Lake Erie below Buffalo, the northern rhythm of that winter city, Sault Ste. Marie, and the lean shapes of the big ore carriers flushed against the sunsets of Lake Michigan. His pages are hoarse with the secular shoutings of the ring-tailed roarers of the lumber boom towns, and with the more seemly Biblical palaver of just such a freshwater Father Mapple as would have delighted the salty ear of Herman Melville. He sums up the effect upon the minds of the wondering immigrants who peopled these regions of the great inland "seas of sweet water" in this telling sentence: "Senses were quickened and minds stirred by this transplanting; it was an experience like religion and like love."

John O'Hara Cosgrave's illustrations are magnificently atmospheric; one should like to cite particularly the snowy kiln and the fine stylized map of the Lakes. The

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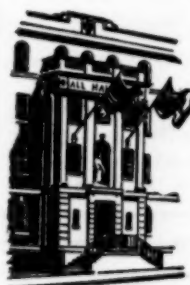
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reader lays the volume aside with a certain sadness. Are the long ships really passing—in another way than Mr. Havighurst intends? It may well be, what with giant transport planes already in production and Major Seversky's Dantesque vision of the air-borne commerce of the future.

CHARLES A. BRADY

THE DAYS OF OFELIA. By Gertrude Diamant. Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.75

HOW will *The Days of Ofelia* be catalogued? It defies any easy pigeon-holing, for it is a melange of scientific data, travel lore, obiter dicta on men, things, birds, beasts, sky, land, on all that is Mexico City. But the medley falls into perfect harmony played from beginning to end on the leitmotif of "Dear Ofelia." It was dear *presuming* Ofelia who walked straight into the heart of Gertrude Diamant and lent her the uncanny insight which finds its achievement within the covers of this book.

Gertrude Diamant went ostensibly into Mexico City to do a serious work in ethnology—to figure the I.Q.'s for the Otomí Indians. She returned to the States with the work summarized into the pithy statement that the Otomí react as intelligently in the tests as other races do, only that they react more slowly; hence, the conclusion (if conclusion can be drawn) that more time must be allowed for Otomí reaction. And that's that!

Then *presuming* Ofelia came on the scene. The spotlight of attention was focused on her and there it remained. Through her eyes the native atmosphere is gathered and split into its sun-lit, storm-shaded, star-gleamed strata. Gertrude Diamant is an apt, ingenious, but withal faithful recorder of all the sights, sounds, tricks, evasions, courtesies, "quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of the good folk of Mexico City. Here and there a more enlightened grasp of things quintessentially Catholic could have been expected, for it is the knowledge of the soul of a people which gives complete understanding of them. In this book, therefore, one will not get a fully-rounded idea of the people. One will get from it a few hours of artistic delight. The illustrations by John O'Hara Cosgrave II ride splendidly tandem to the story.

Gertrude Diamant writes briskly, cozily, charmingly. I say "briskly" advisedly, for she can make swift-flowing cadence from the never-hurried, never-hurrying groups. She has the feel of a poet for the poetry of the persons, places and things that make up the geographical unit, Mexico City.

SISTER BERCHMANS LOUISE

BELLS AND GRASS. By Walter De La Mare. The Viking Press. \$2.50

MR. De La Mare gives us a final glimpse through his magic casement in this his last book. There are many unforgettable lines as, "The Rabbit twinkles his small face." There is much pure poetry in it as "The Warbler," "A Goldfinch," "Echo," and "Coals." The poet himself writes an introduction in which he explains the genesis of his valedictory volume. If the work is not up to his usual art, it is, nevertheless, a fine farewell from an artist who has enriched our literature.

For Mr. De La Mare's muse was always a slender lady; she is almost forty now: it is ungracious to notice the crow's-feet around her eyes. Or maybe the book leaves me cold simply because the horns of elfland blow even more faintly amid the roar of cannon and the crash of empires.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, head of the history department at St. John's University, Brooklyn, is also director of the *Pro Deo Information Service*.

CHARLES A. BRADY, professor of English at Canisius College, Buffalo, contributes frequently to our literary columns.

SISTER BERCHMANS LOUISE, S.N.D., is a professor of English at Emmanuel College in Boston.

THEATRE

GOOD WORK IN WEAK PLAYS. One of the redeeming features of a life whose evenings from September to July are spent largely in the theatre, is the amount of good acting one finds even in bad plays. In a season noted for the large number of its failures, such as the one we have just passed through, spectators sorely need, and almost always receive, the bracing effects of acting so good in and sometimes throughout the plays that it almost makes one forget the weakness of the productions themselves.

On the other hand there is an unpleasant kick-back to this experience. One gets this kick-back again and again in the realization that such good work is being wasted on unworthy vehicles. That is always a tragedy. I went through the experience many times last winter, but never more markedly than in the case of little Pat Hitchcock and her acting in *Solitaire*.

Miss Hitchcock, a future star of the first magnitude, appeared in a sordid play called *Solitaire*, by John Van Druten, in which a well bred little girl's friendship with a tramp and his pet rat was the revolting theme. The part of the tramp was admirably played by Victor Kilian, but even Mr. Kilian could not make the part pleasant nor the play plausible. Pat was all any brilliant youngster could have been. Kilian did his best for her. But all an intelligent audience could do was to sympathize with the parents who were horrified by the friendship and quite properly broke it up.

Another future star handicapped by her role was Diana Barrymore, in the Edna Ferber-George Kaufman drama, *The Land is Bright*. I thought better of this play than most of my fellow critics did, but I resented the part given to Diana Barrymore—that of a young girl drinking herself to death and living viciously.

She played it admirably—with an ability that could leave no doubt of her brilliant stage future in any knowledgeable mind. But it seemed all wrong that she, who could have played so many other parts so well, should have been given that repellent role.

An excellent example of beautiful work in a play that could not linger with us long was Greta Mosheim's acting as Erna Schmidt in *Letters to Lucerne*. Her interpretation of the German girl, the sole member of her race in a Swiss boarding school full of French, American and English girl students at the beginning of the war, and subjected to their change of heart and their deliberate or unconscious cruelties toward her, was deeply poignant but never for a moment overdrawn.

Another piece of exquisite acting in a disappointing play was Jessica Tandy's work in Emlyn Williams' *Yesterday's Magic*, in which Paul Muni so briefly starred. Additional examples were those of Beth Merrill as the New England spinster in *Autumn Hill* and Mildred Dunning in another spinster role in *The Cat Screams*. Both the latter were prominent parts acted so perfectly that they stood out with rich color against the mediocre background of the plays themselves.

Cecilia Collejo gave us, in *The Cat Screams*, an especially subtle interpretation of a young Mexican girl involved in conditions she could not understand; Miss Guerita Donnelly was extremely effective in the short-lived baseball offering, *The Life of Reilly*.

Isabel Elsom's work in *The Flowers of Virtue* ought in itself to have kept that promising play alive, and so should the acting of her brilliant associates, S. Thomas Gomez as a Mexican workingman and Vladimir Sokoloff as a general. Both actors seemed inspired by their roles, as well they might be. But for that matter the work of every member of *The Flowers of Virtue* company, except, unbelievably, that of Frank Craven, was about perfect. Mr. Craven, alas, was unforgivably miscast.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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In September will occur the three hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. René Goupil, S.J., at Auriesville, N. Y. It will be commemorated by a special article.

Among other features will be five stories: one about the popular Dr. Thompson; one by our new author, Bernard Basset, S.J. (a consoling tale of a cheerful soldier nicknamed "Sergeant O.K."); the others by Katherine Brégy, David O'Brien, and Thomas B. Chetwood, S.J.

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FILMS

TALES OF MANHATTAN. Hollywood presents a dress coat in the role of hero. Amid a star-studded ensemble, the simple, glamorless tail coat is the motivating force of the story. A wearing of the coat changes the fortunes and lives of several men. Manhattan is the common locale as the film traces five episodes in the experiences of as many persons and relates how the same tails prove an omen of bad luck to all. Made for a prominent matinee idol, the coat first witnesses tragedy when its wearer is shot by a jealous husband, next it exposes a philanderer, then embarrasses a struggling musician and later sees the humiliation of a disbarred attorney. At last it winds up on a scarecrow, having for the first time in its mixed adventures brought good fortune to some simple share-croppers. Julien Divivier has not allowed his direction to be dazzled by the roster of famous names in the cast. There are a variety of appeals to the audience's emotions and a very few of the actors responsible are Charles Boyer, Charles Laughton and Edward G. Robinson. *Adult* moviegoers may find all the ingredients interesting; certainly some of this potpourri will be satisfying. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THE TALK OF THE TOWN. Two men and a girl are the angles in this entertaining triangle. However, though the fadeout reveals one man content to get a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court while the other gets the girl, this is not a record of the progress of their romances. Rather it is a document that juggles a bit with social significance, never too seriously, as it tells how a small-town rebel finds himself accused of arson merely because of his non-conforming views. The suspected arsonist escapes from jail and takes refuge in a house that has been rented by a local schoolteacher to a famous professor of law. The convict and the girl interest the legal scholar in the case. The lawyer's delvings convince him that the criminal is the victim of circumstantial and unjust evidence. Confronted with the truth, his legal philosophy is put to a test, and he is forced to waive technicalities to help prove his friend's innocence. Director George Stevens has succeeded in sustaining interest throughout. Smart, novel comedy bits are threaded through a canvas where suspense and community affairs occupy much of the space. Cary Grant, Ronald Coleman and Jean Arthur were happy choices for the leading parts. Here is superior entertainment for a *mature* audience. (*Columbia*)

HIGHWAYS BY NIGHT. This adaptation of a Clarence Buddington Kelland serial follows the expected formula and, while never exciting, holds one's interest. A millionaire with a scientific penchant decides to see some real life before he enters the Navy. Hurling into the middle of a gangsters' feud, he outwits them and finds a girl who loves him, not his money. Richard Carlson and Jane Randolph acquit themselves in a satisfactory manner in a mildly entertaining film for *adults*. (*RKO Radio*)

THE INVISIBLE MAN. There are some chills and lots of laughs, too many in the wrong places, in this melodrama. An American spy with the ability to make himself unseen enters Germany. Gestapo and Japanese agents test his ingenuity as does a beautiful blonde also involved in espionage. Jon Hall is the generally invisible hero with Ilona Massey the heroine, who should find it hard to play up to the lack of him. *Grown-ups* who can take this type of film will find it moderately interesting. (*Universal*)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

BENEDICTION IN THE CAMPS

EDITOR: Enter a United States Army Chapel early before Mass. See the boys genuflect as they come in, not realizing that the Blessed Sacrament is not on that altar as in the city churches they have left. Of necessity the Host is present only during the Mass and at no other time. The consolation of a visit to the tabernacle is never possible.

May I respectfully suggest that Chaplains and military authorities consider the practicability of at least an occasional service of Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the early evening? The average soldier is then freer than at any other time; no fasting is involved; the service is brief; and the men can participate in the singing of the responses.

Some thought should be given to making the Christ of the Tabernacle more frequently and conveniently available for men who need His inspiration and consolation more than at any other time of their lives.

Cambridge, Mass.

E. J. G.

BRING BACK THE BELLS

EDITOR: What is the Angelus? I wonder how many Catholics could answer this question.

It was my lot to be stationed in a Catholic community as a teacher in the elementary school. In the school-room was a picture of a scene in France, I presume, showing poor peasants pausing in the field with their heads uncovered at high noon. What were they doing? I doubt if the teacher could have explained fully.

There are few churches indeed which could not afford some kind of bell to toll forth to the surrounding countryside praise to the Immaculate Mother of God.

Let us all urge our respective pastors to restore bells again to our places of worship and find some kind soul willing to ring the bells at the required times.

Union City, Ind.

HERBERT W. WALTER

WE'LL BE HEARING FROM YOU?

EDITOR: Wanted: every reader who sees this letter to write me a letter telling that he has read it.

No, I am not a lonely old pastor out here in the cornfields of the Mississippi Valley or looking for a mailing list to help my church out of debt; I'm just trying to test out how many people read such letters. Mr. Floyd Anderson's *Wanted—More Letters to More Editors* (AMERICA, August 1) has inspired me to make this appeal.

Writing letters to editors is surely one field of "preaching the Gospel to every creature" that Catholics so woefully neglect. Imagine what Saint Paul would do with such a setup!

In my high-school days, I began writing letters to editors. Many of them were not published. I did not become discouraged. My first letters were always signed with a pen-name, but as time went on I came out brazenly with my signature.

We remember a Mr. Hooper of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, who wrote thousands of letters to editors. We could stand a few hundred Mr. Hoopers in the Church. What do we see? Doctors, lawyers, men with degrees from Catholic colleges and universities who never wrote a letter to a paper, even a Catholic one, unless the said paper stepped on their political toes.

Let's read Mr. Anderson's article over again and write letters, but not the crack-pot type seen too often in the press. Now you drop me a letter right now, saying that

you have read this appeal. "No time," you say. If we had a few minutes to spare for just a little encouragement to our Catholic writers, they'd be inspired to do much greater work. These letters of commendation are sufficient often to inspire undreamed-of efforts for good.

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REV. WILLIAM M. HOLUB

MILITARY EXPERT CHALLENGED

EDITOR: We are strong enough to face unpleasant facts. But when, as in the case of Colonel Lanza's articles in AMERICA, these facts are based on questionable figures and contradictions, I fail to see what good purpose it serves. It may seem presumptuous to challenge an expert, but here are my reasons. The Colonel declares that Russia has lost seventy per cent of its industries, sixty per cent of its food producing land, and one third of its population.

Long ago the canny Stalin foresaw that sooner or later Germany would invade Russia. His successive five-year plans were designed not only to industrialize Russia, but also to place her resources far from the invasion points. We know that as the Germans advance, factory machinery was removed and set up elsewhere. With the machinery went the industrial and agricultural workers. If we deduct these and the men mobilized from the Ukrainian population, it will be seen that Colonel Lanza's figures are exaggerated.

He estimates the population of Germany, Italy and their vassal states at 180,000,000 men, capable of furnishing a fighting force of 10,000,000. This is probably correct, but it is somewhat hasty to conclude that these men are all available to Hitler.

He traces a gloomy picture of our supply line to Russia, and then he turns around and asks us to increase our difficulties tenfold by sending an expeditionary force over this same long, dangerous route.

In a previous article, *A Second Front Must Be Opened But Where?* (AMERICA, May 23), the Colonel rightly criticized an invasion through Siberia, Italy, or Norway. But the French coast, which he did not discuss, offers the best chance of success. It is true that Germany has 3,750,000 in reserve. Would not these be also available if our men strengthened the Russian line?

Colonel Lanza asks: "Who, in 1917, asked for a second front?" Any school boy can tell him that in 1917 there were already four fronts. We strengthened the one most threatened, where a decision was most likely to be the result.

Lake Linden, Mich.

M. N.

WOMEN'S COLLEGES—TWO KINDS

EDITOR: There appeared in the New York Times for August 11 news of a survey, *Women After College*, made on the record of one hundred women, graduates of forty-four colleges mostly in the Midwest, published by the Columbia University Press. The colleges were indicted for their failure to meet the needs of women and prepare them for "certain inevitabilities" they must face in life. I answered in a letter to the Times, that I heartily agreed with the criticism in the survey—as far as secular colleges for women are concerned. However, the points of criticism taken so well all have their answer, fully and completely, in the Philosophy of Catholic education as embodied in the Encyclical of Pius XI, *On Christian Education of Youth*.

Point 1. The survey states that the curriculums in women's colleges are constructed to meet the needs only

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of men, not relating themselves in a realistic way to the needs of women.

Catholic Philosophy holds that the training of men and women cannot be identical. Different in organism, temperament and ability, according to the design and wisdom of the Creator, the sexes are not equal but destined to complement each other and therefore cannot be uniformly educated if their individual needs are to be realized.

Point 2. The survey states that there is little concern in the curriculum for problems such as marriage and family.

Catholic Philosophy, considering the noble office of woman to be chiefly that of wife and mother, has in its Philosophy course all the principles on Christian marriage and woman's duty to her husband, family and society contained in the Encyclical on *Christian Marriage*.

Point 3. The survey recommends the establishment of an advisory service in every college "functionally but not administratively related to psychiatric or academic departments."

In Catholic colleges, each girl has her Faculty Advisor who can be approached on all occasions not only for scholastic direction but for spiritual direction as well. The presence on campus of a Priest-Chaplain and the religious practice of frequent Confession does away with the modern urge to "see a psychiatrist." Christ Himself left us this Sacrament as the best psychiatric expedient for fallen nature's peace of mind.

Nicholas Murray Butler at a joint conference of Catholics, Jews and Protestants held at Williams College on "The World We Want to Live In," said: "The time has come when we must apply a religious philosophy to the study of human relations." May I say that I sincerely hope that those who have begun this survey will be led to a proper solution of the problem, so that all women—in secular colleges—may receive a true education—one that trains the will as well as the intellect, the heart as well as the mind.

MARY SHEA GIORDANO
Vice President

N. Y. Chapter of New Rochelle
College Alumnae

New York, N. Y.

WELL, WELL IS RIGHT

EDITOR: It has been dawning on me that Francis Beaufort Thornton is nothing less than AMERICA's white-haired boy.

And it pains me to have to remind you that *The Labyrinthine Ways* is *not* for the self-respecting reader. As for its author being about to join the immortals—well, well, well!

May I suggest (in quite another direction) that what the world (including Catholic publicists) needs more than anything else today is common sense? I would go so far as to say that even Papal Encyclicals cannot take the place of that.

And what is this about "killing with love" (AMERICA, August 8, p. 478)? It calls up visions of the Inquisition.

New Orleans, La.

EUGENE M. BECK

"UP THE AIRY MOUNTAIN"

EDITOR: In your issue of August 1, there is a "comment" in which the epithet "airy-fairy" is used to qualify poetry. I would like to quarrel with that word selection, even though I admit that the commentator phrased his thought conditionally. "Poetry may seem an airy-fairy business, with the world at war. . . ." Such references to poetry are, I think, extremely unfortunate: because to any intelligent man (and you are writing only for intelligent men), poetry should not seem "airy-fairy" at any time.

Of course I mean "real poetry." I can see how the pot-boiling quatrains of Christmas cards could be dismissed as "airy-fairy." Many of them have not the poetic virtue of the Alka-Seltzer advertisements. On the other

hand, when I say "real poetry," I do not necessarily mean only the masterpieces of major poets. George M. Cohan got the Congressional Medal for writing *Over There*, didn't he? I suspect that Taillefer no less than Joyce Kilmer would like *Over There*. And incidentally, Joyce Kilmer edited a series of interviews with prominent authors during the last war in which he asked them their opinion of the effect of the war on literature. He records some very interesting observations.

In his *Prejudices—Sixth Series*, H. L. Mencken discussed the function of poetry. Its purpose, he concludes, is anesthetic. "It still offers its old escape from reality. . . ." It tells man a great many things and "all these things, I suspect, are false. . . ." Of poets, Mr. Mencken says: "They are liars, but their lies, I believe, will be viewed very generously on the Resurrection Morn." The idea of idealization as a lie is not original, of course. Sir Philip Sidney had taken it up in his *An Apologie for Poetrie*, about four hundred years ago. But that concept of idealization would certainly make poetry an "airy-fairy" business, divorced from reality, an escape, an opiate.

New York, N. Y.

WILLIAM ANDREWS

ONCE MORE, VERSAILLES

EDITOR: Mr. Ludwig Grein in replying to my letter, *Raw Deal at Versailles*, of August 1, has in my opinion, propounded a doctrine which is at once dangerous and paganistic. (*Germany and the Fourteen Points*, AMERICA, August 15). He seems to admit with Carlton J. H. Hayes and Parker T. Moon that: "Germany signed the Armistice on November 11, 1918, with the understanding that the final peace settlement would be made in accordance with the Fourteen Points which President Wilson had set forth in January, 1918, as the Allied war-aims." (*Modern History*, p. 756, published in 1938 by the above mentioned authors.) Then Mr. Grein concludes by saying: "What could they expect after Brest-Litovsk?" Now I say this is illogical and misses the point of our controversy. Why even mention Brest-Litovsk? Even if I grant that Germany was unjust to Russia in this "Diktat" of March, 1918, one can by no means conclude that this, therefore, gave the Allies a title to infidelity in November, 1918. Such an un-Christian and dangerous conclusion is inveighed against by the now reigning Pontiff, Pius XII. Benedict XV, who held the chair of Peter during World War I, was equally vigorous in his rejection of this type of paganistic reasoning which not only perpetuates wars but sows the seeds for future ones.

Now to take up some tangents which do not affect the heart of our argument. I stated that Germany paid twelve and one-half billion and Mr. Grein gives nine billion and quotes his source. Professor Langsam in his book, *The World Since 1914*, after giving an estimate of what Germany had actually paid up to the time that the Lausanne Conference met, says in a footnote on p. 194: "The German estimates were considerably higher." If Mr. Grein is adamant and sticks to the source he used I do not see how this affects in any way the point at issue, viz: did Germany receive a raw deal at Versailles? Further on my adversary maintains that ". . . the German colonies were a liability and not an asset." As against this statement, Frank H. Simonds on pp. 72, 73 of his *Price of Peace* says: "Finally, in stripping Germany of all her colonies, the victors deprived her of a precious if relatively small source of tropical oils and fruits and a growing market for German products." Mr. Grein confines himself to Africa but what of German colonial losses in the Far East? Langsam, whom I quoted above, says in the same book on p. 123: "The surrender of the colonies entailed the loss of large rubber, oil and fiber supplies." Perhaps the German colonies were not so much of a liability to her after all? My opponent states that: "German nationals positively refused to settle in Africa. . . ." All right, but do British citizens have to settle in India or Egypt to make those places markets for British goods?

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PARADE

JUST opened in New York is an exhibit demonstrating the substantial achievements attained by experts in the art of camouflage. . . . Posters, panels, models reveal the effective methods currently used in the realm of make-believe. . . . Nature's own means of protective concealment are sedulously studied and copied, and ingenious improvisations from the brain of man are added to the secrets learned from nature. . . . The human eye and even the camera can now be effectively deceived by the camouflage artist. . . . The skilful use of paint makes targets blend with their natural surroundings. . . . Elaborate superstructures are devised to obscure the shapes and even the shadows of vital buildings. . . . Specially designed decoys divert attention from real targets. . . . Smoke and artificial fog blot out large areas from enemy vision. . . . The use of camouflage to deceive the enemy is a praiseworthy thing. . . . The enemy has no right to the information he seeks. . . . There is, however, another form of camouflage being used on a far-flung scale today which, though very effectively developed, is not praiseworthy. . . . This is the camouflage which blots out from the vision of man the truths concerning Christ. . . . Camouflage of this character is quite common in the modern scene. It is to be observed in the secular schools and colleges. . . . It creeps frequently into the columns of the newspapers and magazines. . . . It may be found in the pages of books and on lecture platforms. . . . It has been enormously successfully in hiding the real facts about Christ from millions. . . .

An exhibition unmasking the tricks used in this type of camouflage would be extremely interesting and extremely beneficial. . . . The public visiting the museum in which the exhibit was held would be undeceived. . . . One can picture what such an exhibition would be like. . . . It might be called: "Methods Used in Hiding Christ—an exhibit open to the public at the . . . Museum." . . . There would be a large section devoted to the secular schools and colleges. . . . Posters and panels in this section would reveal how verbal smoke and verbal fog were pumped into the textbooks and into the classrooms to prevent the pupils from seeing Christ as He really is. . . . The posters and panels would show how effectively the case for Christ was kept from the students and how powerfully the case against Christ was presented to them, and relate how millions of the boys and girls left school each year under the impression that there was no case for Christ. This type of camouflage, the exhibits would disclose, goes under the name: "Academic Freedom." . . . The exhibits would demonstrate that the "Academic Freedom" form of camouflage has been brought to such high perfection that the immature minds of students have no chance of penetrating it. . . .

Another section would be set aside for magazines. . . . Here there might be a lecturer explaining how the thing was done, somewhat as follows: "By skilful painting with words, practices denounced by Christ can be made to seem good and noble. In this story, for example, the deft manipulation of the verbiage makes divorce and suicide appear heroic. In this second specimen, the verbal camouflage hides the essential evil of abortion and dresses this form of murder up to look like a good and praiseworthy thing." . . . Still another section of the exhibition would doubtless be devoted to newspapers. A book review which appeared in a metropolitan newspaper last week would provide a specimen for this department. The book review gave a totally false picture of Christ. . . . Many newspapers which would not dare to publish attacks on Christ in their editorial columns put forth these attacks under the guise of book reviews.

JOHN A. TOOMEY